The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1891.

The Week.

MR. BLAINE'S health has become a daily topic for the newsmongers, and the reports sent out from Bar Harbor are as conflicting as the first rumors from a hotly contested battle-field. On the one hand, the public is assured that there is nothing the matter with the Secretary of State, beyond the unimportant circumstance that he has become a little worn by overwork in the Department; on the other, that his condition is already desperate, and is steadily growing worse. A "staff correspondent" of the St. Louis *Republic* sends the most sensational report, declaring that Mr. Blaine is physically a mere shadow of his former self, that his mind is in a state of collapse, and that his physicians do not expect him to survive more than a few months at the longest. Sweeping contradictions of all these statements have of course followed. A controversy over the state of a man's health is a gruesome one when it has passed the stage for joking which was proper enough in Mr. Blaine's case three or four years ago, and we should not refer to these reports except for the fact that the public has a legitimate interest in knowing the real condition of the Secretary of State. The exact truth about the matter, as we learn it from authorities in Bar Harbor whose opportunities for knowing the situation could not be excelled, is that Mr. Blaine is very feeble, that his illness is most serious, and that he can never again be active in affairs unless there should be a great and radical change in his condition, such as there is no reason to expect.

The Republicans of Ohio, in their recent State Convention, adopted the following resolution on the silver question:

> "We approve the Coinage Act by which the great product of the silver mines is added to the currency of the people, and out of which experiment may come a wise adjustment of financial questions liberal towards Western interests."

This is construed as a declaration against the free coinage of silver. The only agitation in Ohio on that question is promoted by the National Silver League. There is no evidence that any considerable number of persons in either party have any particular bias as to silver one way or the other. Probably all who take the trouble to think about it would say that they are in favor of both silver and gold, but would be more in favor of gold than of silver if they were convinced that they could have only one. The number of persons in the whole country who desire to send all our gold abroad, or convert it into merchandise and establish the single silver standard, is so small that the few who would really prefer it make a pretence of not desiring it. But the truth undoubtedly is that few persons think about the matter at all. The subject is a difficult one to master, and consequently a few windy and plausible talkers are able to make it appear that the people are taking a great interest in it, whereas the great majority do not understand it, and take no interest in it whatever.

Some complaints have recently been heard from exporters of canned goods over a ruling of the Treasury Department requiring the actual inspection of all articles of export upon which a drawback is claimed. As it appears to be a physical impossibility to make this inspection with the force at the disposal of the Government, the exporters have been compelled to let some of their goods go without obtaining any drawback upon the tin cases in which they are packed. But although this may seem a hardship to them, if they regard it from a purely selfish point of view, it is obvious that it may be a matter of vital importance to that tender infant, the tin industry. In fact, we are very much inclined to believe that it will be necessary to abolish the drawback upon the manufactures of tin altogether before the industry can be fairly established. For if we look at the matter closely, it appears that, under the existing law, the whole of the enormous product of our oil refineries and canneries that now goes abroad may be exported in tin cans of foreign manufacture. These industries are therefore practically allowed to import all the tin that they require free of duty, since whatever duty they pay upon the import of tin is refunded upon its export. But what is this but a discrimination against the struggling American tin-manufacturer? How can the Welsh manufacture be stamped out so long as this steady market is assured? It would be almost as wise to pay the Welshmen a bounty upon their production as to allow them these outrageously favorable terms. So long as they can continue to send their goods to this country free of duty, so long will they continue their wicked rivalry with American tin plate. Upon the goods which they furnish to our exporters they will probably make such profits as to enable them to sell the rest of their product below cost, thereby ruining all the fond hopes that have been entertained of the American industry. It would probably be speaking within bounds to say that, if this policy lasts, many American tin mines will remain undiscovered, that dozens of tin factories which have been the theme of poetry and romance will never "materialize," and that two or three old men and several boys will be thrown out of employment.

The net purport and effect of the McKinley tariff on tin plate has been to transfer from the pockets of the American people to those of the importers of that article a very large sum of money. The smart fellows, like Niedringhaus of St. Louis, who pretend to make tin plate and who distribute Welsh plate in the form of tin cups, pans, and whistles as the genuine American article, "loaded up" with the imported article before the new tariff took effect. They are now charging for the stock on hand about what it costs to import it with the duty added. There is a slight difference, due to the competition of sellers who are loaded up as aforesaid, but the market is quoted by C. S. Trench & Co., in their trade circular of July 11, as "firm with upward tendency." The same circular tells us that the excess of importation this year over the two preceding years has been equal to about three-months' supply; but as this excess includes everything that the Welsh manufacturers had on hand, the very sweepings of their warehouses, there are certain kinds and grades of which we have not a three-months' supply. What then? We shall very soon resume our importations, and, when we do resume, the consumers will be compelled to pay in duties very nearly as much as the tin plate costs free on board at Swansea.

There is a certain elasticity about the logic of protectionism that leads to results such as would be obtained in a system of mathematics where twice two sometimes made three and sometimes five. If a mathematician of this school produced calculations that were unfavorably criticised, he would always be able to say that his critic only made out a case by giving the wrong value to the factor two in a particular part of the calculation. These observations are in part suggested by a paragraph in the *Tribune* giving the decennial rate of increase of population shown by the last English census, which is only 11.64 per cent., the smallest on record, while that of 1811 was 18.06 per cent., and that of 1821 was 15.80 per cent. Upon this it is remarked, "Inasmuch as the rate of increase of the population affords the surest gauge of the prosperity and material progress of a nation, it will be seen that England's economic condition was infinitely superior in the times when her industries enjoyed the fostering care of the protective tariff to what it is nowadays under the blighting and disastrous reign of so-called free trade." Now this cannot be meant as a joke, because it would not be safe to allow jesting upon the sacred subject of the tariff in the columns of the *Tribune*. Some of its elderly readers would be sure to take it seriously and to ask for explanations which it would be dangerous and unpleasant to make before a critical public. But if it be taken seriously, what are we to think of the bearing of the principle laid down upon the effect of protection in this country during the last decade? Has this effect really been blighting and disastrous, as the principle requires? Is the trouble with the Republican tariff or the Republican census? We do not ask for information for our own use, having clear views upon the subject, but there must be many readers of the *Tribune* capable of reasoning that if two and two make four, twice four ought to make

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eight, and they are certainly entitled to an explanation of the relation of the lessened rate of increase of population in this country for a period during which our industries have been enjoying the fostering care of the protective tariff.

The public have very good reasons for distrusting the accuracy of Mr. Porter's census, but it is not often that this distrust is so entirely justified as it is by his defence of Bulletin No. 82. This bulletin made the ordinary expenses of New York city appear to be about $17,000,000 more than they are admitted to be by Comptroller Myers. In the case of the cities of Boston and New York, Mr. Porter included the county expenditures with those of the city, while in the remainder of the 100 cities taken for comparison he seems not to have included the county expenses. This proceeding is obviously misleading, and it is not easy to understand why it was resorted to. But the manner in which he verifies his inquiries is the remarkable feature of his method. He compiled a statement of the expenditure of the city of New York, and sent it to the Comptroller with the request that he would look it over and correct it. Not hearing from the Comptroller, he seems to have thought that the statement must be published without any further attempt at verification. He now calmly assures the public that if the statement is incorrect it is not the fault of the Superintendent of the Census, but of the Comptroller of the city of New York! The secretary of the Comptroller, however, declares that the statement was never received by him, and the question now arises, To whom will Mr. Porter charge the error of the statement? Probably he will blame the Post-office, and consider that he thus frees himself from all responsibility. But it is not encouraging to be given to understand that we are to receive the census returns subject to the proviso that they may contain errors which the Census Bureau trusted to outsiders to correct, and that the silence of these outsiders, whether due to the failure of the mail or whatever cause, is to be construed as an approval. The assistance of outsiders is of importance, but when it is not rendered the Census Bureau ought to take some pains to supply its place by verifications of its own.

Prof. Richmond Smith grapples, in the columns of the *Congregationalist*, with the problem of restricting immigration, taking the position that the difficulty arises from regarding the matter as national rather than international. He has no doubt that it will soon be regulated by international agreement, which will provide that each nation shall take care of its own unfortunates at home, and not connive at or assist their emigration as at present. But Professor Smith goes on to argue that if we demand of European nations that certain classes of persons shall not be sent to us, they have a right to demand that we shall not receive such classes of persons as they do not desire to have emigrate. He believes that the sentiment prevalent in this country concerning compulsory military service is false, and that we do wrong to "look with lenient eyes upon the youths who emigrate to avoid it." This he declares to be unpatriotic conduct upon the part of these youths, which we should not encourage. As to the objection that our enforcing the conscription in European countries would destroy the last refuge from political tyranny and oppression, he says it is old-fashioned. In the last century, it is true, liberty was unknown, and revolution was necessary to gain freedom of thought and speech. But all this is changed, and revolution is no longer necessary, and we should refuse to receive any European who cannot bring with him the certificate of the authorities of his native land that they consent to his departure. We do not consider this solution as very practical, since any party in this country that proposed to assist European Powers in enforcing their compulsory military service would be buried under an avalanche of popular indignation; but aside from this objection, we have only to consider the case of the Russian Jews in order to appreciate the despotic theory of government that underlies Professor Smith's proposal. There will always be many human beings who do not consider that "all modern civilized governments allow such participation in public affairs that revolution is no longer necessary for the vindication of human rights"; and it is to be hoped that despotism will never so far prevail as to be able to prevent men who feel they are oppressed by their own government from taking refuge in lands that offer them greater liberty.

The Committee in charge of the Baron Hirsch fund in this city aim to colonize as many of the Russian refugees as possible, and in order to make colonization more feasible, it has seemed best to connect an industrial feature with the agricultural enterprise. All the conditions favor the success of the experiment. The settlers, many of whom were agriculturists at home, and all of whom are animated with an ardent desire to make agriculture their permanent occupation in this country, must be possessed of at least $200 per family. The Committee, on their part, offer them good land on liberal terms and the means of cultivating it, and those skilled in manual labor, as many of them are, will be assisted in procuring remunerative work. The provision by which one-half of the land purchased is set aside for future sale to newcomers of whatever race or religion, is intended to prevent an undesirable isolation of the colonists, and will commend itself to all who are anxious for the rapid assimilation of every class of immigrants. That the colonization of Russian Hebrews can be successfully accomplished is proved by the example of the settlements established near Vineland, N. J., where about 700 families, all of them self-supporting, are devoted to fruit-raising and vegetable-growing. The success of this colony and of other settlements in the far West vindicates the wisdom of the policy of Jewish colonization inaugurated in this country, with such self-sacrificing zeal, by the late lamented Michael Heilprin.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong of the Hampton (Va.) Institute has been making a trip over the Southern Pacific route to San Francisco, on his way, for a summer vacation, to the Sandwich Islands, where he was born, the son of a missionary. He kept his eyes open for everything bearing upon the condition of the negroes as he travelled through the South, and saw and heard sundry things to confirm his view that the race is, on the whole, making as rapid progress as could be expected. At New Orleans he met Mr. Hutchinson, who is President of the Morgan line of steamers and manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, a Southerner born and bred, who "has a clear-headed, fair view of the black man, infinitely more hopeful and helpful for him than any politician's solicitude." Mr. Hutchinson told him that negroes are employed on a perfect equality with whites in the machine-shops of the railroad at Houston, Texas, all hands being paid according to their ability, without the slightest reference to any consideration of race. This testimony brings out a striking contrast between North and South, upon which Gen. Armstrong thus comments: "The trades unions and prejudice at the North forbid this. When people begin to see more clear and straight into the negro question, they will realize that the industrial freedom which he enjoys at the South is far greater than that at the North. No black young man in the South is more badly off than the trained American mechanic, fresh from Col. Auchmuty's or other industrial school, in New York and elsewhere, who, on graduating, has no chance for work alongside of the emigrant mechanic who has landed that day at Castle Garden. The white man is at the mercy of the trades unions: the black man in the South is not, to the point of exclusion; only the lazy are hopeless."

A perceptible change in the attitude of Southern whites towards the education of the blacks is illustrated by a despatch from Port Gibson, Miss., to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. It appears that some benevolent women of the Presbyterian Church in the North have decided to establish an industrial institute for colored girls in Mississippi, but have not settled upon the location. The fact becoming known, the citizens of Port Gibson held a public meeting at the Court-house the other day, and adopted resolutions that, "Whereas we are desirous of expressing our interest and sympathy for all educational movements having in view the intellectual and moral improvement of our colored citizens, we invite the projectors of the movement to visit Port Gibson and confer with our people, with a

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view to having such institute located in the vicinity of Port Gibson; and that we hereby promise our moral and active support to such institute, if planted in this vicinity." It is not many years since the people of any Mississippi town would have contemplated with aversion the starting of a school for "nigger girls" in their place; and the fact that in Port Gibson they not only invite the establishment of such an institution, but also promise their "moral and active support," is full of significance.

The controversy over the Railroad Commissionership in Massachusetts between the Democratic Governor and the Republican Council revives the periodical discussion as to whether the Council is an institution worth preserving. It used to be a common thing to divide the executive authority between the Governor and some body of this sort, but there are now only two States besides Massachusetts which hold to the old rule. There has been of late years a steady growth of opinion in the direction of centring power in one executive head, upon the theory that a single man can be better held responsible, and that when thus held solely responsible he will render better service. This has been the fundamental principle upon which almost all recent changes in municipal charters have been based, and it applies, of course, quite as well to State constitutions. When the people of Massachusetts elected William E. Russell Governor, they meant to intrust him with the executive authority, and it is an anomaly that he should not be able to exercise that authority unless a body of councillors belonging to the other party approve his ideas.

A very important matter was brought forward at the University Convocation on Thursday by Mr. Andrew D. White in his discussion of the topic, "Coördination of University, College, and Academy." He contrasted the lavish generosity of our people to the universities and colleges, and the large sums expended on our common schools, with the slender revenues of our high schools and academies. The intermediate schools, he declared, are utterly unable with their present resources to secure the educators that they need. But the importance of their work is undeniable, and unless they are properly equipped for it, the material which they pass on to the university will not be in such a state of preparation as to be most advantageously handled there. Mr. White went so far as to propose that the training given to the two lower classes in the universities should be turned over to the intermediate schools—a proposition suggesting that recently made for shortening the course at Harvard by a year. Whether this policy is wise or not is a question; but there is no doubt that our training-schools have been comparatively neglected in the distribution of the great gifts to the cause of education. Phillips Academy at Andover has recently made an appeal for subvention which shows an almost startling difference between the size of its endowment and that of any college or university having an equal number of pupils. No one will deny that the instructor in the preparatory school has harder work and less pay than the college professor. Few, we think, will not admit that this work is as important, and requires as high qualifications, as any that is to be done in the whole range of education.

The overwhelming defeat of the Parnellite candidate at Carlow probably puts an end to the political career of Parnell himself. But its effect does not end there. It will convince the people of England that the home-rule cause is not dependent upon the fate or fortunes of any particular man, but is a permanent, self-perpetuating force in the sister island. More than this, it will prove that moral influences are stronger in Ireland than personal attachments—a point of supreme importance in the coming general elections. When the Parnell scandal was first disclosed in court, his adherents said that the case was not an unusual one, and that many of his accusers were as bad as himself. They refused to take the view that Parnell had incapacitated himself to be an effective ally of the English Liberals, whose Nonconformist membership would have nothing to do with a proved adulterer. But the priesthood of Ireland rendered most important service at this juncture by opening the eyes of the people to both the moral and the political consequences of sustaining Parnell. To their influence more than to any other cause is due the collapse of Parnellism, of which the Carlow election is the indisputable sign. The reaction upon English public opinion must be very great and wholly in favor of the Liberal party.

The returns of the census for Scotland show that the tendency of population to concentrate is as manifest there as in this country. The Registrar-General divides the communities into five classes — principal town districts, large town districts, small town districts, mainland and rural districts, and insular rural districts. The first class shows a growth of over 12 per cent., the second a growth of over 20 per cent., the third of over 6 per cent. In the fourth, population has remained nearly stationary, but in the islands a decrease has taken place, which, in view of their serious over-population, is a gratifying showing. Some of these islands are in fact not fit for human habitation except during a part of the year. The most rapid increase in population has taken place in Glasgow, but Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Leith, and Paisley all show increases of from 10 to 20 per cent. In 1841 Scotland had 2,600,000 inhabitants, and Ireland had 8,196,000. In 1891 Scotland has 4,033,000 and Ireland about 4,700,000; so that if existing tendencies continue, the population of Scotland will be the greater in 1901.

The prorogation of the Spanish Cortes till November leaves public business in a highly unfinished condition. Cánovas's labor bills, upon which he counts so much to secure popularity for his Administration, had clear sailing in the Senate, but were not even taken up in the lower house. The Government's financial measure, involving a loan from the Bank of Spain and the extension of the monopoly of that institution, had passed the Chamber by a large majority, and was under discussion in the Senate, at last mail advices; the telegraph does not say whether it has been agreed to, though it is altogether probable that it has, since the Treasury is badly off for money and would not allow the authorization of the needed loan to be deferred. Cuban affairs are left in a sad tangle. The new budget for the colonies was not voted, and that means the extension of the old budget for another year. The new budget was open to very serious objection on the ground that it made no adequate allowance for the effect of the treaty of reciprocity upon Cuba's revenue from customs; the only attempt in that direction was the proposed tax on real estate devoted to sugar-growing. Even that clause fails now, and the treaty will go into effect utterly disregarded in the estimate of income and expenses. If Spanish financiering were not of so happy-go-lucky a kind, this fact might be taken as an indication that the treaty is by no means so important a measure as has been indicated. But its details are soon to be made public, and then we shall know how badly the financial affairs of Cuba have been bungled.

A curious document was published in Brazil early in June over the signature of the ex-Emperor. It was signed at Cannes, April 23, and reached the public through a partisan of the empire, Viscount Taunay. Entitled an "Account of Office" (*Fe de officio*), it sets forth the ideas and aims which Dom Pedro says he cherished throughout the fifty years of his government of "his dear Brazil." Some things he is able to mention as actually accomplished, but more are spoken of as ends he strove for and hoped to reach, all in good time. He desired, he says, a free Church in a free State, but only when the education of the people would enable them to profit by those institutions. The address also has parts which look like a programme, though, on the whole, it has more the appearance of a political testament. It certainly has a characteristic conclusion: "In scientific investigations and in constant study I have found consolation, and kept myself from moral tempests." In some quarters the address was regarded as a political manifesto, or at least a feeler, intended to sound popular opinion on the question of a possible restoration of the Empire. But most people thought it simply the harmless attempt of an honest old gentleman to justify his conduct as Emperor. It has not caused a ripple of excitement; nor, on the other hand, does it appear to have lessened the kindly personal regard which has always existed among the people for Dom Pedro.

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THE DRAIN OF GOLD.

THE continuance of the export of gold after sterling exchange had fallen below the exporting point has caused much anxiety and perplexity in the financial world. Not far from $70,000,000 have been exported within three months, and, in spite of the fact that the rate of exchange is now such as to make the operation apparently a losing one, the export has gone on and may be renewed at any moment. As men are not in the habit of deliberately going on with losing operations, it is obvious that, in some way not visible to the public, an advantage is expected to arise from these operations. Just how this profit is to arise, we may not be able to determine until the persons engaged in the transaction choose to take us into their confidence; but it may be possible to get some light upon the situation from a review of some of its conditions. Upon a subject on which so many intelligent men are in doubt, we do not wish to dogmatize. Our remarks are to be taken as tentative, and as representing a state of affairs, so far as the drain of gold is concerned, that is conceivable, although it may not be actual.

Let us in the first place ask ourselves how much gold we have. A year ago the Director of the Mint estimated it at about $700,000,000. He was able to point to some $65,000,000 in gold bullion and some $255,000,000 in coin held by the Treasury, to some $78,000,000 in the national banks, and to some $34,000,000 in other repositories. The remainder of the estimated amount held, some $260,000,000, was declared to be, in accordance with a venerated tradition, in the hands of the people. There are many reasons for supposing the existence of this last fund to be mythical. We are not talking of gold that exists in the shape of breast-pins and finger-rings, in teeth-fillings, and mirror frames and gildings, but of gold available for financial purposes.

Is this money to be found in the pockets of the people? No; for it is common experience that there is very little gold coin in circulation. When people get it, they generally pay it in to the banks, and there it stays. If the people do not carry it in their pockets, or pay it into the banks with their deposits, they must hide it somewhere. Do they put it in their safe deposit vaults? No; for those who have occasion to visit these vaults see no one handling bags of coin. They see men storing away stocks and bonds to large amounts, and such bulky articles as bullion could not be laid away to any great extent without exciting notice or comment. Do the people, then, hide their gold in old stockings, or under their cellar floors, or in their back gardens? It is conceivable that such practices exist, but there is not the slightest evidence that they prevail to any extent. Where, then, is this great fund of $250,000,000 or $260,000,000 of gold to be found? We apprehend that it exists only in the monetary tables of the Government and in the imagination of financiers.

If this view is correct, what is our present situation? The Treasury had on the first of the month about $177,000,000 of gold coin, and $62,000,000 bullion, say $240,000,000. Of this, $100,000,000 is a gold reserve, supposed to be specially pledged to the redemption of Government notes. This would leave say $140,000,000 available gold, against which there are outstanding certificates to the amount of about $120,000,000. If these certificates were drawn, there would remain about $20,000,000 in the Treasury on which to maintain gold payments, or, if the reserve be available, $120,000,000. To this should be added the amount in the hands of the banks, which is not definitely known, but was computed to be, a year ago, about $112,000,000. Upon the whole, it is probably not safe to estimate our stock of gold, including the $100,000,000 reserve, at much more than $350,000,000, or about one-half of the amount commonly assumed. A further loss of $70,000,000 might bring us within sight of the stoppage of gold payments.

Let us now proceed to consider the course that would naturally be adopted by a man who thought that all the circumstances indicated a change from gold to silver payments in this country. Every one knows the mainspring of the silver movement. Many honest and simple-hearted people are wild for silver, but the momentum of the demand comes from the feeling that it will enable people who are in debt to pay their creditors in something that costs less than gold. That is why we must have free coinage of silver. The present law confines the profit of the operation to the Government. But if the coinage of silver were free, the prices of all commodities, being then measured in silver, would rise, and every producer would obtain the wherewithal to pay his debts at less sacrifice than at present. Now it is not to be supposed that the creditor will supinely view this proceeding. Not only creditors but a great many shrewd persons will ask themselves, whenever an alteration of values is to be expected, "How can we make any money out of it, or how may we manage at least not to lose any money out of it?" Two ways are conspicuously open. The creditor may dispose of the obligation of his debtor at its present gold value, leaving the new owner to take his chances, or he may, if the terms of the debt allow it, insist upon present payment before the depreciated standard comes into effect. This is the first way. The second is to become a debtor, borrowing money at present convertible into gold, or buying commodities on credit at their gold price, with the expectation of paying the debt in silver. In the former way the creditor would escape loss and would have his gold ready for any use that presented itself. This would be his own gold absolutely. In the latter way the speculator would get gold or its equivalent that would be legally his own, but subject to a claim for its amount which he would expect to satisfy in silver. The former way amounts to a purchase of gold. The latter way amounts to a sale of silver. In the former way an investment is made that is secure against loss and depreciation. In the latter way one may also make an investment in gold upon credit, that may not only be secure against loss, but involve a profit.

It will perhaps enable us to see a little more clearly into this intricate matter if we pause to note that there is strictly nothing international about it. The United States, as a corporation, owes nothing to the Republic of France, or the Empire of Germany, or the United Kingdom. The debts with which we are concerned are the obligations of private persons, including corporations, to private persons. This observation is of importance because we are apt to speak as if, in view of free-silver coinage, foreigners would send over their American securities for sale here. But if these securities are not due, there is no compulsion upon Americans to buy them, any more than there is upon Londoners, and there is no particular reason, under the circumstances, why they should sell better here than in London. They cannot be sold except for a price satisfactory to the buyer, and the considerations that affect him are not those of his citizenship or residence. Hence it appears that such a realization as we have described for the purpose of getting gold need not involve any transfer of securities from the other side of the water, and herein lies the answer to those who say that gold is not being accumulated in this way because the street is not full of securities bearing a London ear-mark. In short, there is just as much inducement for timid and for cautious New Yorkers to sell American securities for gold as there is for timid or cautious Londoners.

But it is the peculiarity of the situation that there is no inducement to retain gold in this country when it is realized. The prime uncertainty, that which starts the whole movement, is the doubt in the minds of men of wealth, whether, if they lend gold now, or, what is the same thing, hold securities that are now payable in gold, they may not hereafter be obliged to take their pay in silver. No one will deny that there is a possibility of this result taking place in this country, or that there is, humanly speaking, no possibility of the kind in England. In short, if any one has a fund of gold, he will be likely to do better with it abroad than at home. If we are going to have free silver, gold in its present amount would be a drug in the market here; and on the other hand it is in rather unusual demand abroad. The Russian Government seems to have been accumulating gold. The Bank of France is allowing interest on gold deposits. And Mr. Goschen's significant speech, reflecting upon the slenderness of the reserves of the English banks, is not improbably bearing fruit.

The movement that we have described is, as we have said, not so much a movement for profit as for security. There is, however, nothing incompatible in this with a movement which some good observers profess to see arising out of speculation in wheat futures. That is an illustration of the second way above referred to, in which human nature may be expected to act in view of an anticipated disturbance in value. If the skies look stormy, some anglers will secure their game and get on shore; but some prefer to fish in troubled waters.

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WANAMAKER'S LATEST VERSION.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER took the witness-stand in the Keystone Bank inquiry on Friday for the second time. He had been summoned ostensibly to explain the discrepancies between his first evidence and subsequent testimony, but it was soon clear that he was present in order that he might make an immediate defence against some entirely fresh charges which were to be produced. The new charges were in the suppressed Bardsley statement which the editor of the *Public Ledger* had "for grave public reasons" declined to publish in his newspaper. This proved to be a report of two conversations which had been held with Bardsley by members of the staff of the *Public Ledger*. We will consider the revelations of this document and Mr. Wanamaker's reply to them first, and his explanations of his former evidence afterwards.

Bardsley makes, in his conversations, three direct charges against Mr. Wanamaker. We give them in their order in his own language:

"Marsh told me that John Wanamaker knowingly held over 2,500 shares of our over-issue [fraudulent Keystone stock] and had demanded $100,000 for them, although he had never paid or given any value for them whatever. Wanamaker's demand was that Mrs. Lucas was to give $50,000 of that amount, Marsh $25,000, and the bank the remaining $25,000."

"A plan was arranged that the stock was to be thrown into a pool or given up, in order to help the rebuilding of the bank. Everything seemed clear for a speedy and satisfactory arrangement when John Wanamaker upset all our plans by his remarkable demand, accompanied by the threat that unless the $100,000 was paid over to his lawyer, P. F. Rothermel, he would close the bank. Marsh was frightened and did not know what to do. I told him to engage good lawyers at once and to instruct them to demand the over-issue from John Wanamaker, and not pay him a cent. I showed him that John Wanamaker was knowingly guilty of a crime in retaining those over-issued shares, and that he must not be permitted to bulldoze the bank. Marsh took my advice and engaged Mayer Sulzberger and John G. Johnson. They demanded the stock, and Wanamaker reduced his demand to $25,000, but he and his lawyer were told that if the stock were not returned by a certain specified date legal action would be taken against him. Before that date John Wanamaker weakened and returned every share of the over-issue."

"Let me explain to you what sort of a borrower John Wanamaker was, and how he borrowed. Here's an instance: In March, 1890, Marsh came to me in a great fidget and said that John Wanamaker wanted $200,000 from the bank, and must have it right away. Marsh added that he told Wanamaker that the bank had not that large amount of money to spare—hadn't it on hand, in fact—and Wanamaker said to him that 'he knew where to get it.' Marsh said to me that Wanamaker was a good customer of the bank anyhow, and he wanted to oblige him. I told him that I could not do anything for him. Two days afterwards he returned and said that John Wanamaker was persistent and must have the money, that he knew the bank did not have it, but if I would lend it the bank would not ask the interest, but would pay over to me direct whatever Wanamaker would agree to give. I let him have the money and John Wanamaker got it. The books of the bank ought to give a good idea of his transactions."

It is not strange that the friends of Mr. Wanamaker were unwilling to have these charges published. They connect Wanamaker for the first time with the missing $2,000,000 of city and State money which disappeared through the Keystone Bank into which Bardsley put it, and connect him also more closely than ever with Marsh and Bardsley. The first and second confirm the former evidence of Wanamaker and other witnesses that he was seeking to obtain money from Mrs. Lucas and Marsh for the fraudulent stock which he says he received from Lucas only as collateral. The third makes a direct charge, for the first time in the inquiry, that Wanamaker demanded and received $200,000 of the city money from Bardsley through Marsh as a loan. There have been rumors of such a loan having been made from the outset, and Mr. Wanamaker denied them emphatically on his first cross-examination. Now they assume definite form as having been common knowledge between Bardsley and Marsh, and again Mr. Wanamaker denies them emphatically, saying: "I pronounce that absolutely and unqualifiedly false from beginning to end, without any foundation of fact of any sort whatever."

In reference to the other two charges, Mr. Wanamaker admits that he did try to obtain money from Mrs. Lucas for the fraudulent stock, but says he considered the stock genuine, and has no proof to-day that it was not. He is less explicit in his testimony in regard to his demands on Marsh for money for this stock, but admits that when Marsh and the Vice-President of the bank called on him in Washington about it, "I felt obliged to say, that they must either settle with me or I could not, in justice to myself, allow the Comptroller of the Currency to be ignorant of the fact that they were claiming that some of the stock I held was improper stock." This is frank confession that he was trying to extort money from them for that stock, after he had been told that it was fraudulent, on threat of revealing the condition of the bank to the Comptroller and having it closed. The Comptroller's recollection is, that Marsh told him that Wanamaker's demand was for $50,000.

The sum and substance, therefore, of the new charges against Wanamaker, through Bardsley's conversations, are, that he borrowed $200,000 of the public money from Bardsley through Marsh, and that he tried to extort $50,000 from Marsh as the price of stock which he had been told was fraudulent, on threat of having the bank closed. He meets the first charge with a sweeping denial, and he virtually confesses the truth of the second.

In regard to his former testimony, Mr. Wanamaker makes very elaborate explanation. He says, of the 2,625 shares of genuine stock which he neglected to mention at all in his first statement, and which appear on the books of the bank as having been issued either to himself or to his secretary or office-boy, that he took them at Mr. Lucas's request to raise a loan of $40,000 to oblige Lucas, and that they never were his and he never had a penny's interest in them before or after. In regard to the fact that the books of the bank show that the greater part of the 2,516 shares of fraudulent stock were issued after Lucas's death, instead of long before, as he declared in his first statement, Mr. Wanamaker explains that all the certificates were issued in Lucas's lifetime, but were not all placed with his brokers till afterwards, and that the dates are not the dates of issue, but of the transfer. He passes by in silence the fact that these shares were issued in the name of his employees.

There are several points which are far from clear here, but it is as clear now as ever it was that Wanamaker, from the time that he received this fraudulent stock till the moment when Marsh made it valueless by confessing the truth about it and the bank to the Comptroller of the Currency, was using it as collateral and was demanding cash, ranging from $100,000 down to $50,000 for it, from Marsh and Mrs. Lucas as the price of its surrender. He persists in saying he does not yet believe it to have been fraudulent, yet he admits that he threatened to tell the Comptroller it was fraudulent if Marsh did not give him money for it. On minor points he is diffuse, and voluble, and pious, but on these he stands convicted out of his own mouth. Yet the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says of his second statement, much as it said of his first: "Mr. Wanamaker's testimony was again a clear, comprehensive, and conclusive refutation of all the intimations and innuendos that have been made against him concerning the bad business of the Keystone Bank"; and the rest of the Wanamakered press of the city takes similar views.

REPUBLICAN MORALITY IN CONNECTICUT.

A BITTER "journalistic row" between the proprietors of two Republican newspapers in Connecticut has resulted in the revelation of some very ugly party secrets. A short time ago the proprietor of the Hartford *Evening Post*, Mr. John A. Porter, who is also a member of the Legislature and a close personal friend of Gov. Bulkeley, published in his newspaper an article entitled "The Whole Story," in which severe reflections were cast upon the conduct of the proprietor of the New Haven *Palladium*, ex-Judge Lynde Harrison, who was Chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1884, and who has been for many years one of the ablest leaders of the Republican party in Connecticut. Both in and out of his newspaper, Judge Harrison has been outspoken in condemnation of the course of the Republican majority in the Legislature in refusing to allow the Democratic candidates for Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, and Comptroller, who were elected in November last, to enter into office. He held that while the Democratic candidate for Governor had not received a sufficient number of votes to elect him, these candidates had, and that, in refusing to unite with the Democratic Senate in formally qualifying them for office, the Republicans of the House were pursuing an unjustifiable course. The Hartford *Evening Post* presumed to rebuke the Judge for his utterances on this point, and has finally goaded him into the publication of an open letter, which was printed on Friday morning.

Judge Harrison's letter is one of the clearest exposures of a clumsy piece of political

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rascality ever made. It should be borne in mind that he is speaking as the recognized leader of his party, and that his long and devoted record of party service has never borne the faintest taint of Mugwumpism. His deliverances are official and are likely to be final, and they can be summed up in a very few words. He says there appeared in Republican circles, soon after the election in November, rumors that the Republicans of the House would attempt to force the Democrats of the Senate to concur in the election of the Republican candidate for Governor, by refusing to allow the Democratic candidates who had been elected to the offices of Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, and Comptroller to be qualified. As soon as he heard of this plan, he denounced it in and out of his paper as unfair and impolitic, and it was so regarded by other leaders of the party. When the Legislature met, a select committee of the House was appointed to investigate the returns for State officers, and Mr. Porter was made its Chairman. After it had completed its work, Judge Harrison says that Mr. Porter went to him and told him that certain gentlemen wished him to make a report declaring that the Democratic candidates for Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, and Comptroller had not been elected, but that he could not do so because he believed the contrary. Judge Harrison attended two meetings of the Committee, at which a few other Republican leaders were also present, and at each of these Mr. Porter favored a report declaring the three Democratic candidates elected. Such a report was drawn up at the second meeting on January 27, and Mr. Porter took it away with him to have it copied by a typewriter.

Between the afternoon of January 27 and the morning of January 28, an astonishing transformation was effected in this report. It was presented to the House on the latter date, and proved to be a declaration that the Committee had found that there had been no election for Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary, and that, in regard to the Comptrollership, the Democratic candidate had been elected, but should not be allowed to take office till the Senate would consent to join the House in an investigation of the election. Judge Harrison says that this report astonished him, and he characterizes it in the following vigorous language:

"I did not hesitate, after January 28, to tell you, as well as others, that I looked upon the report as dishonorable; that I had been cheated by you, and had been betrayed into taking part twice in a council with you on the subject when you very well knew, by what took place on January 7, that I would have nothing to do with the controversy in any manner, nor take part in any council on the subject, if it was intended to take the unfair, unwise, and impolitic course which was suggested.

"The report that was finally made went further than was suggested in November and December. You knew, as did many others, that the Republican party would not sustain you for any length of time in keeping out of office men who were elected, merely because the Democrats refused to do what the Republicans believed to be right in the matter of the Governorship. You are believed to be responsible for changing that report between the 27th and 28th of January. In making that change you did not dare to follow the lines of boldness suggested in November, but you imposed upon the honest members of the House by making a report which, in the light of all the events since that time, is clearly and unequivocally false."

The Judge charges Mr. Porter with the entire responsibility of this "unequivocally false" report, says that by some means or other he induced all his fellow-members on the Committee to sign it, and declares that the Republican members of the House accepted it because they had confidence in the Committee. These members, he declares, acted in good faith and in ignorance of the facts. "You," he remarks to Mr. Porter, "knew better. It is said there is forgiveness for those who sin ignorantly, but for those who sin against light there may be no forgiveness in this world or the next." Judge Harrison might have added that while in the moral world there is indeed no forgiveness for those who sin against light, in the Republican party there is seldom forgiveness for those who sin and get found out. This is the aspect of his case which will most depress Mr. Porter.

As for the effect of the disclosure upon the politics of the State, Judge Harrison freely predicts disaster. He himself gives the Opposition a fine campaign document in this letter, and especially in the following passage: "I am a Republican, and I believe in fighting political campaigns fairly, squarely, and for all they are worth. Politics is sometimes said to be a game; but it should be played by gentlemen in an honorable way. When beaten in the game, pay up, and don't try to steal the stakes." As a parting shot to Mr. Porter, he addresses him this solemn admonition, which, coming as it does from a loyal Republican, should be pondered deeply by all the Republicans of the State:

"Finally, Mr. Porter, you ought to understand that thousands of Republicans in this State consider that the honor of their party is at stake in this matter. The national platform of 1888 reaffirms the devotion of the party to the principle that every lawful ballot shall be duly counted. In the Republican State platform of September, 1890, it is demanded that throughout the length and breadth of the land a free ballot and a fair count be assured. The position I have maintained, and still hold, in relation to Gen. Merwin is in affirmance of these great principles. The position you and the *Evening Post* take in relation to the minor officials is that a fair and honest count may be reversed by tricks in the secret conclaves of the final canvassing board, and such a position is one which the Republican party of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Harrison, and Blaine will repudiate whenever it has an opportunity."

No Republican newspaper in the country has been more fervid in its demands for a pure ballot in the South than the Hartford *Post*, whose proprietor is now disclosed as the perpetrator of a piece of political rascality worthy of a Returning Board of Southern carpet-baggers. That such a thing should have been done successfully in a New England State shows more clearly than anything else that has happened lately how completely the Republican party has passed into the hands of its Quays, Dudleys, Wanamakers, and Porters.

COUNTRY READING AND VOTING.

THE editor of one of the oldest "country weeklies" in New England, the Litchfield *Enquirer*, on retiring from journalism after a quarter of a century of editorial work upon that paper, calls attention to the local changes in the conditions of rural journalism during the long period. In the county named, where twenty-five years ago there were but two weekly newspapers—not long before that only one—there are now nine. This change has taken place, too, in a county distinctively rural, filled with waning farm towns, and whose population, outside of a few factory townships, has shown a decided decrease. The increase of newspapers has not been due to any stronger natal appetite for newspaper reading, but simply to the cheapening, in the retiring editor's opinion, of the relative or absolute cost of the things by which country newspapers are produced, and especially by the introduction of the "plate matter" as a substitute for actual type-setting, at a saving of 75 per cent. What is true of Litchfield County is, we doubt not, true in a marked degree of the country at large; and when the new census gives us the statistics for a decade during which the use of "plate matter," ready-made cuts, "syndicate letters," "patent outsides," and similar "wholesale" newspaper material has enormously increased, we shall probably find an enormous proportional rise in the number of rural weeklies also.

The census of 1880 gave in the United States a total number of workers of both sexes and in all occupations of 17,392,099, and of this nearly one-half, or 7,670,493, were classed as agricultural. These ratios will probably not be sustained in the new census, owing to the drift of population to the cities and factory towns, but it is safe to say that at present at least three-eighths of our workers, and presumptively of our population and of our voters, are on the farm and among the class whom the country newspaper most directly touches. The vital change, therefore, in the forms and conditions of country journalism is a matter of the utmost interest when that journalism stands in immediate relations to a body of our voters which can hardly number less than five millions. If we could search the matter to the bottom, we should very likely find that the many farm agitations now in progress are due almost as much to the shifting in country journalism as to any other intellectual cause, and particularly so at the West.

A distinctive institution of the old rural life was known as "the county newspaper," whose specialty was the petty news of all the county towns. Almost every rural county, if of fair size, had one of these journals, much more rarely two. They were partisan to the core, they never abated their partisanship, and because they had a sort of local monopoly of printed opinion, they exercised collectively a mighty party influence. But at present the "county" newspaper proper is decidedly on the wane—has, indeed, almost passed away. The term survives, but only as a bequeathed one, and the old monopoly has been broken. Where there used to be one country newspaper, we now find two or three, representing various parties, cheaper by 50 per cent. than the old "county" sheet, and two subscribed for at the old price of one. Let any new party grow up

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or a serious schism arise in an existing party, and it cannot be "howled down" by an autocratic county sheet as in the old political days, and can, with very little cost, establish an organ or organs of its own. The Farmers' Alliance at the West, for instance, has apparently found no dearth of country papers willing to support its cause. A few decades ago such a movement would have found very few indeed. Moreover, the rivalry in news-hunting, or rather the higher desire of news by the reader, has, among the multiplied country papers, much diluted the acidities of partisanship.

While, however, the political effects of the new state of country journalism are undoubtedly benign, and are showing themselves in looser party ties among the farmers, the good effects of that cheaper journalism on their moral and mental nature are much less obvious. The material wave of "brainy, breezy" journalism, of flashy writing, of distorted ideas as to "news," has not been stayed in our cities, but has passed with full flood into the country newspapers also. How far they are vitiating the rural readers there are few means of judging; but it was noteworthy that when, some months ago, the Springfield Mass., *Homestead*, an agricultural journal widely circulated among the farmers, asked its readers to send in a list of what they deemed the ten "best books," the first ten voted for by a great majority were works of fiction, and a very large number of the replies came from the mothers and daughters of the farm. Either the fathers and sons did not care to reply, or they did very little book-reading at all.

CORSICA IN SUMMER-TIME.

AJACCIO, June, 1891.

LIKE that very taking model, Miss Lydia Nevil of St. James Place, London, in Mérimée's most charming story of 'Colomba,' I write to you partly for the pleasure of dating my letter from Ajaccio. There has been considerable talk of a daily line from Nice to Corsica, making the passage in six hours; but when one has seen the comparative poverty of the island, it seems very doubtful if it would pay. The line, in fact, that carries the mails thither just now has failed. The talk on my way over was of this failure and the severities of the French bankrupt law, which are not small. The law enacts that, among other consequences, the bankrupt is deprived of all his political rights. Morelli, the owner of the line, is a Senator from Corsica, but, being no longer even an elector, he has been expelled from the Senate.

I had been waiting for nearly a year to get across, but, on the two weekly sailing days, it seemed particularly possessed to blow great guns. Once I started by way of Piombino, on the Italian coast, meaning to go to Elba and find some way of crossing from there directly to Corsica; but that day large trees were snapped off and there was no boat. I rarely find myself tempted to envy the yachting people who come here in the winter; and, indeed, many of them comfortably lay their craft up in port and pass two or three months at the hotels. I now understand thoroughly why so few people, out of all the thousands of pleasure-seekers who come to the Riviera, cross to Corsica, and why they will always continue to be rather few. It is the turbulent Mediterranean, wofully chilly in winter, and not the dangers of travel in the country—well dissipated now if they ever existed—nor the primitive nature of much of the accommodations.

By a slight coincidence the *Bel Ami*, the jaunty little sloop of M. Guy de Maupassant, was lying in port as we steamed out. It was a descriptive passage in some of Maupassant's writings—in 'Une Vie,' I think—that first made Corsica real and modern for me. We sailed at four in the afternoon, and were at Bastia the next morning. The town is backed up against high mountains. One is not expected to admire Bastia so much as Ajaccio, inasmuch as it is hardly a winter colony and resort for foreigners, like the latter, but its landscape is quite as pleasing, and one thinks more of it after having seen Ajaccio. They are not far from the same size, having both somewhere about 20,000 inhabitants. The houses run up into the air six, eight, and even ten stories. The same thing is true all over Corsica, even in the villages. This is novelty number one, and not a prepossessing one; it gives a tenement-house and factory-town look, and is very encouraging to squalor. It is, with little doubt, the vestige of Genoese tradition; the Corsicans threw off the yoke, but remain bound to this day to the fashions of their former rulers. Inquiring, in order to have the local theory of the usefulness of these sky-scraping buildings, the reply was made to me, "It is the custom," and again, "Building-stone is very cheap here, you know; it costs almost nothing."

I made the point of my first excursion into the country Cardo, the little village where Colomba and Ors' Anton took final leave of the friendly bandits and their comic dog "Brusco," and tried to induce them to leave the country. It is high in the hills, and very like, in all respects, say Falicon, above Nice. A few houses in front are neatly lime-washed, as if it were expressly done for the effect from below; the rest are all brown, gray, black with age, mere stone-heaps, as rude as the habitations of the ancient cliff-dwellers. It was hardly less deserted and silent than the famous *maquis*, the brushwood thickets which I traversed in mounting by a short cut. It looks down upon the vacant port of Bastia, but not upon the thick of the town, which clusters around one of those warm-colored old Vauban citadels that ornament most Mediterranean ports. The slopes were grown principally with almond and olive-trees and patches of grain. Country houses or cottages, as everywhere in the island, are few. The Corsicans are famous office-holders; at Nice, for instance, they abound in the Custom-house, the railway, and among the prison-guards. There is something in the Corsican character which leads him to desire to "boss" his fellow-men, if only as a concierge. These functionaries in course of time secure their retreat and return to the island to live upon their pensions, but even they do not aspire to a little house and garden: some curious instinct of sociability leads them to herd like the rest in the unpleasant tenement-houses. In the vacant port, I finally found that my still-cherished plan of crossing from Bastia to Elba direct, on the return, was not possible of realization. I knew already there were no steamers, but there used to be some boats freighting across iron ore from Porto Ferrajo to be smelted here, which, as the distance is short, and for the adventure, might have served for once. I applied at these smelting-works, and found that they had ceased to be operated.

In the afternoon it rained so furiously that veritable sheets of water in the streets disputed the right of way with the passengers. I employed part of this time in looking up, in the city library, our old friend James Boswell's narrative of his journey in Corsica, in the year 1765, which I had not been able to see until then. He proposed—seeker for celebrity and always athirst for the personal acquaintanceship of great men—to make a journey in Corsica because it was a country that no traveller had yet seen; and he came out, with a letter from Jean Jacques Rousseau, to find the patriot-hero Paoli, then in the midst of his wars. 'I followed upon his trace in many ways; and found myself the more comfortable in my lumbering diligence for thinking over how he made much of his journey on foot, knocking down chestnuts from the trees, drinking from the clear brooks, and likening himself, with a youthful gusto, to the primitive men. In Paoli's apartment, in the Franciscan convent at Corte—which I find replaced by a spick-and-span new one, only the ruined tower of the church remaining—he rallied the well-to-do monks, telling them they were "nihil habentes et omnia possidentes." It is hard to repress a smile at the pleasant incongruity when we find him saying, of the insurgent chief, in the wilds of Corsica, "I quoted to Paoli, on this occasion, some of the sagacious remarks of my respected friend Samuel Johnson." He was overawed by Paoli at first, but soon made great headway with him and all the camp, even to the point of putting on the dress, and singing "Hearts of Oak" to these patriots. There is but a single fault in the brief narrative: it is so very short.

There is a section of railway, narrow-gauge, built out of Bastia, and another out of Ajaccio. They have not especially got into the guide-books as yet. On the long gap from Corte southward, necessary to complete the through line, work is actively progressing. Then there are two important branch lines, one down the flat and malarious eastern coast, and one to Calvi, which I found a prodigious old fortress on a rock, in fertile country, beaten upon almost continually by violent winds. The eastern plain is being well planted with eucalyptus and with vines and fruit-trees and turned to very profitable account. We made a sharp bend to the west, up the small valley of the Golo. You have an excellent view of the two decisive battle-fields—but twelve miles apart—of Borgo and Ponte Novo, where, respectively, Corsican independence, as against the French, was first brilliantly successful, and then completely wiped out. It is hard to see how the fevers can follow up the turns of such fine dashing torrents as the Golo, as they are said to do, but the evidence seems little open to dispute. "If here," I say to myself, "why not into other mountain districts elsewhere?"

I got off at the village of Ponte Leccia, to make a sort of pilgrimage to Paoli's birthplace at Morosaglia, and so over the high pass, the Col de Prato, to the springs of Orezza. There are Corsicans who put Paoli, as their hero, almost above Napoleon. It is extraordinary what an interest he excited in his time, when you consider the small scale of these operations. Rousseau, as I have shown, Alfieri, Frederick the Great, and Joseph of Austria were his friends and admirers, and not for political reasons, as Pitt might have been, who leagued him against the French. He had a great deal to do with forming the character of the young Napoleon, and it would not be difficult, perhaps, to find a trace of the influence of this very early champion of independence even in our own Washington. This district

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was the chosen fastness of Corsican insurrection: the lonesome convents hidden in the solemn chestnut forests sheltered Paoli and his council of government. The convent at Morosaglia is built, as it were, by rule of thumb; it is as rude and massive as if dug out of rock or clay, and its only ornament is a barcque belfry, typical for the class. You may recall two years ago some little stir over the bringing back of the remains of Paoli from London. He died there in 1807, and had a tablet in Westminster Abbey. I had a letter to the Canon Saliceti, who was the chief manager of this whole important affair. He is an amiable enthusiast about his subject, and a descendant of that Saliceti, representative of the people, one of whose acts was to arrest the young Napoleon at Nice, on the eve of his first campaign in Italy. The committee were flatteringly received by the notabilities of England—dined, among others, by the ex-Empress Eugénie, took the body with pomp through the streets of London, and afterwards had a triumphal procession in the island.

The monument is not a statue, but the ancestral house in which Paoli was born. It had pretty much fallen to decay. It belonged to a Corsican of high position, Franceschini Pietri, the chamberlain of the Empress Eugénie, and he presented it for the purpose. It is very plain, and in the restoration has probably been made, like Napoleon's house at Ajaccio, somewhat better than it was in the time of its famous owner. He is buried in the chapel. Beside him is a bust which, like the fine bronze statue at Corte and other portraits, is a pleasant surprise. I was rather prepared for a mountain warrior in goat-skins; on the contrary, here is a gentleman of the court in lace ruffles and queue, with even a point of humor on his handsome face. You think of Washington and Goldoni at one and the same time. I looked into the school at Morosaglia, and, later, into the college at Corte, both still supported in part by small funds he left them in his day.

You go down at a hand-gallop, on the other side of the pass, into the Castagniccia, the chestnut country *par excellence*. I took pains to taste some of the flour made from the chestnuts, the bread of the poorer people, and found it slightly sweet and very good. The villages peep through the tender, sunny green of the almost unbroken chestnut foliage, and delicate ferns carpet all the ground. I dined in company with the Mayor of Piedecroce, and after dinner we went out to look down upon the signal fires which the villagers lit up one after the other in honor of the fête of St. Pierre on the morrow. The Mayor says as many as 2,000 people come to drink the water of Orezza in July and August. It is a very agreeable, sparkling water. There is an extensive bottling establishment in the bottom of the valley. People don't go down there except to drink, but stay at one of the three villages high above. The Baths of Lucca are slightly recalled, but the accommodations are much more primitive and not greatly cheaper.

A Corsican officer at Nice, who gave me a letter, had wanted to wager that I would find nowhere in the world a slovenlier city than Corte. I had thought this perhaps was merely his own lack of experience in travel; but he was right. Corte, the old capital, is a highly picturesque crag reeking with filth, and this trickles down even into the modern portion, in which some excellent modern improvements have been made. The diligence ride to Vizzavona to resume the train is a long five hours' pull, over steep roads, but always good. The people in the villages are small and spare, the women about as often blondish as brunette. The costume can hardly be called picturesque: the men wear, almost as a uniform, poor suits of brown corduroy and nondescript cloth caps. You would often confound them rather with grimy English factory hands. The corduroy is afterwards cut down, in baggy fashion, and clothes the children too. You are exactly alongside the highest mountains, snow-capped and very Swiss. Here the Russian grand-duke, George, had been lately hunting the wild boar and the moufflon. On the seat beside me sat a little schoolmistress, who told me a very good bandit story of late experience in her own school-room. Your informants on this subject generally begin by declaring that it is all stuff and nonsense, "des fumisteries," and end by relating quite naturally experiences of their own that show it to be of frequent occurrence. The vendetta and a popular leniency towards assassination in quarrels are undoubtedly about as common as ever. But it must be borne in mind that bandit, in Corsica, means one who is under the ban of the law, and not necessarily, if at all, a robber. I was assured by many that one could go safely from one end of Corsica to the other, at any hour of the day or night, and I am much inclined to believe it. The bandit, you are comfortably assured, even if you should fall in with him, would befriend rather than injure you, unless you should tell the gendarmes of him.

The famous Bellacoscia outlaws are still at Bocognano, as they have been for forty years, in spite of a late determined new attempt of the Prefect to break them up. They have a hamlet, flocks, herds, and crops of their own. He sold off their cattle. At Ajaccio, through fear or sympathy, nobody would buy them, and they were sent to Marseilles. An acquaintance at Bocognano told me they were good to the needy. A poor man could go to them and get fifty or sixty francs, or they would give him an order on a merchant in Ajaccio for a sack of flour, to be repaid. I don't know whether these orders are honored as were those of Castriconi, in 'Colomba,' who used to write certain requests to people—oh, quite without threats; that was not his style—or whether they are a legitimate commercial transaction. One of my drivers, by the way, claimed to have driven Colomba in his own stage—the old lady of Sartene who passed for the original of that character. He says she was a little old woman, so short that her feet would not touch the floor, so she sat herself comfortably down upon it; she was illiterate but very intelligent, and had made several journeys to Paris in carrying out her schemes of retribution.

The pretty valley down to Ajaccio seems tame after the Castagniccia. It is cultivated only in spots; the original *maquis* covers all the rest. One of the local journals in Ajaccio was complaining indignantly of the ex-Empress Eugénie because she had just bought an estate at Cap Martin, near Monte Carlo, instead of buying it on the Casone. The Casone is an area out at the end of the suburban street, the Cours Grandval, where hotels and boulevards have been slightly begun by large companies and abandoned. "Yes, those Bonapartes," says the journal in question, "they were born in Ajaccio; when they were in power they did nothing for us, and now they squander their millions elsewhere." To make this the more interesting, it is to be mentioned that the domain was presented to the town by Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. The grotto of Napoleon's boyhood is out there, too. It consists of some large smooth boulders, disgustingly daubed over with names, many in red and blue paint, in a way I have never seen approached in iconoclastic America. There is not the slightest attempt made to protect it.

Ajaccio is not embowered in oranges and roses like the Riviera towns, though, on the other hand, its oranges are of much better quality. It is very little embellished as yet; the strangers who come to pass the winter have not made much impression. The bay, the sea, are charming, and so is the Rue du Marché with the marble statue of the First Consul in a ring of palm trees in the centre; but elsewhere there is much that is unkempt. The climate is capable of producing everything, but, as it is, or used to be, in some parts of Southern California, it has not yet done so. All this time the temperature was delightful: it was summer, but it was not hot; as you walked the wide dirt promenade of the Place Diamant, under the somewhat scrubby sycamore trees, the sun was warm, but the breeze, coming in from the sea in front, was exactly what you would wish it to be.

I was at Napoleon's house about the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The lowest of the three stories is the show apartment, with very dilapidated furniture; the upper two have been occupied by the Princess Marianne, an obscure relative by marriage, who very lately died there. As her effects were being sold off, I was able to secure a small souvenir of the famous homestead, which would not have been so easy on ordinary occasions. The house is still very plain, though it was improved both by Joseph and Napoleon, after his return from Egypt. It is a part of one of the general high masses of stone and mortar, in a dingy street; no garden, no privacy, no elbow-room. It could never have been possible to keep away from the swarming neighbors, any more than it was in the bullet-riddled Gaffori house at Corte, that other residence of Charles Bonaparte. When all the Bonaparte boys and girls were piled in here in their youth, it must have been pretty close quarters.

The Bonaparte tradition does not gain in sentiment here among its earliest memorials. Even the monuments that had everything in their favor are somehow lacking. The principal one is by Viollet-le-Duc. It is in the edge of the Place Diamant, by the sea, and represents the bronze Emperor on horseback, a handsomer Marcus Aurelius, with his four bronze brothers, four kings, marching at the corners. The line of direction is said to be straight for St. Helena, and all their backs are turned upon the Place. In spite of Viollet-le-Duc, it is amateurishly classical, thin, and unreal. But after awhile there begins to be something fantastically striking about all these bronze brothers riding and striding away towards St. Helena, ignoring sublunary things and all that lies between. It is weird, as if they were walking in their sleep and ought to be waked up.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

MIRABEAU.

PARIS, June 25, 1891.

M. LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE did not have time to finish the great work on Mirabeau which he had begun, and in which he used the papers left by the great orator to his executors. His son, M. Charles de Loménie, has published the notes left by his father, and has added just enough to them to give some unity and continuity to the work. Two volumes appeared a few years ago, in which M. de Loménie set forth the stormy youth of Mirabeau, his

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quarrels with his family, his trials. The third volume, which now appears together with a fourth, begins in the year 1786, three years before the convocation of the States-General. We find Mirabeau at Berlin, where he had been sent on a secret mission and where he studied the work of the great Frederick. M. de Calonne was employing Mirabeau in this fashion in order to muzzle him (*pour le museler*). He arrived in Berlin just after the death of the great Frederick and remained in that city for six months; when he returned to France, he was in hopes of obtaining some official mission. "I am worth more than the majority of the King's ministers by reason of my birth, and as for my capacity, I leave it to be judged," were the terms he used in a letter to his friend the Abbé de Périgord (afterwards Talleyrand); but he obtained nothing and had to return to his work of pamphleteer. He immediately attacked M. de Calonne, to show him that "s'il était bon à prendre, il n'était pas bon à laisser."

During the period which preceded the Revolution, we find Mirabeau aspiring, like all Frenchmen, for new institutions, without knowing exactly what these institutions were to be or how the change should be effected. His mind was like a mirror in which images appeared only for a moment. There were, however, some fixed points in his sentiments. He had been a victim of arbitrary government, he had conceived for it a great hatred; he had incurred the severity of his own caste, he had conceived a great hatred of all privileges, and become a liberal like La Fayette, Alexis de Noailles, Mathieu de Montmorency. He had not learned much from the philosophers—he speaks coldly of Voltaire; but he greatly admired Rousseau; the "school of nature" was his natural school. Was he not led by his passions and his instincts as much as, if not more than, by his intelligence?

With his extraordinary gifts of eloquence, his Southern ardor, his tempestuous disposition, his activity which amounted to restlessness, he was born to be the most powerful instrument of the Revolution. As soon as the States-General were summoned, he went to Provence in order to take his place in the States of the province among the nobility; but the Tiers counted upon him. "The Tiers," he writes to his sister, "follows me with marks of confidence and enthusiasm. . . . I have never seen a *corps de noblesse* more ignorant, more stupid, more insolent. These people would make of me a tribune of the people if I did not take care." Mirabeau, who would have been willing to be chosen by the nobility of his province, was excluded by it; he was elected at Aix and at Marseilles as deputy of the Tiers-État, and chose to stand for Aix. It is interesting to know what were the articles of the *cahier* of the Tiers of Aix. The desiderata of this cahier were—liberty of the press and individual liberty, constitutional government and ministerial responsibility; "the clergy ought not to form an order in the State; its property ought to be sold." The cahier did not go as far as the abolition of hereditary nobility; it only asked that nobility might not be acquirable by money, that all feudal rights consisting of payments in money should be redeemable, and all personal servitudes abolished. It insisted upon the conservation of the provincial States of Provence.

On the whole, this cahier was not very revolutionary; it expressed the average opinion of the country. Unfortunately, the local agitation which accompanied the elections to the States-General produced what Taine calls a spontaneous anarchy; there were great disorders in many places; the defeat of the *ancien régime* was certain; a noisy and arrogant party was adverse to reform, but in reality everything had to be reformed, and when the States-General assembled, France was in a sort of chaos. Each deputation of the States made its separate entry in the Salle des Menus-Plaisirs of Versailles; the Duc d'Orléans, who appeared in the deputation from Crépy-en-Valois, was saluted with great applause. When the deputation from Aix was introduced, "some hands," says Grimm in his correspondence, "were disposed to render it the same homage, but they were stopped by a murmur of disapprobation, the sense of which will be understood by M. le Comte de Mirabeau."

Mirabeau was much offended; he felt himself suspected by the Assembly. He had no influence at first, but he was not a man to submit to this sort of antipathy, and he soon forced himself on his colleagues and made them feel his power. He founded immediately a paper with this epigraph: "Novus rerum nascitur ordo." There were at the time only privileged papers, submitted to a censor, like the *Mercure de France* and the *Journal de Paris*. Mirabeau asked no permission, his paper was suppressed; he immediately published another under the title, *Letters of the Comte de Mirabeau to his Constituents*.

In the struggle between the two privileged orders and the Tiers, Mirabeau took sides with the Tiers. For six weeks, discussions took place on the mode of taking the vote in the States; this discussion was in reality a struggle between the privileged and the non-privileged classes, between the old and the new régime. A great Minister would have found in the States the elements of an upper and a lower house, on the English model; but there was no great minister. It was absurd to have three permanent assemblies; finally the Tiers absorbed the nobility and the clergy. One of the elements of a good constitutional system was absent, and royalty found itself before a single chamber.

Mirabeau made his début in these important discussions. He soon was recognized as a leader in this reunion of 500 individuals, thrown together from all parts of the country, without a chief, without any hierarchy, all free, all equal, all wishing to be heard before they would listen themselves. Mirabeau wished to save the monarchy; at the same time he wished to keep his prestige with the people. The task was almost impossible. The royal sitting of June 23, 1789, in which the King spoke as the ancient kings did in the *lit de justice*, and announced his determination to preserve the ancient orders of the kingdom and modified some of the resolutions of the States-General, was followed by an insurrectionary movement. The legend will have it that Mirabeau, speaking to M. de Dreux-Brézé, who brought to the Tiers the order to retire, said: "Allez dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n'en sortirons que par la force des baïonnettes." In reality, from Mirabeau's own account to his constituents, the scene was less melodramatic. M. de Brézé said: "Gentlemen, you know the intentions of the King"; upon which Mirabeau said: "We are assembled by the will of the nation and we will only go out by force." To which M. de Dreux-Brézé answered: "I can only recognize in M. de Mirabeau the deputy of the bailiwick of Aix, and not the mouthpiece of the Assembly." It is not at all likely that Mirabeau should have spoken of Louis XVI. as "votre maître"; but, with the exception of this word, the legendary answer differs little from the true one. This answer has done as much for the fame of Mirabeau as all his speeches.

The States-General had now become a National Assembly—Mirabeau seems to have been the first to use this word. The fear of a military *coup d'état* brought on the revolutionary movement of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of July and the destruction of the Bastille. Mirabeau did not appear at first (his father died on the 11th); but he reappeared on the 14th, when the revolution was triumphant; and when the King made his appearance in the Assembly, it was Mirabeau who reproved the marks of loyalty and fidelity, and asked "that a silent respect should mark the first appearance of the Sovereign in a moment of sorrow." "The silence of the people is the lesson of kings," was not said by him, though it was afterwards attributed to him, but by the Bishop of Chartres.

The forced journey of the King from Versailles to Paris was the real beginning of the Revolution and of the dictatorship of Paris. The taking of the Bastille was but an incident: it was the distinctive trait of the revolt, it gave a popular image to the Parisian insurrection and to all the insurrections which began over all the surface of France; in truth, what fell with the Bastille was the whole ancient administrative order. The troops were removed from the capital, and there was no authority left in it but a new administration which received its inspiration from the multitude. During this first period of the Revolution, Mirabeau is hand in hand with such men as Camille Desmoulins; he is a popular idol, a new "Roi des Halles." When the first constitutional discussions begin in the Assembly, he appears in another character: the fiery tribune shows in himself the qualities of a statesman; he knows, he feels, that something must be thrown athwart the great currents of popular opinion. He took a great part in all the constitutional work of the Assembly of 1789, in the declaration of rights, in the abolition of the feudal system, in the questions of a second chamber and of a royal veto. The real struggle was between Mounier, who, with Lally-Tollendal, Clermont-Tonnerre, and M. de la Luzerne, represented what may be called the English ideas, and especially the principles of a second chamber and of a royal prerogative, and Sieyès, the famous author of the pamphlet on the Tiers, who would have no second chamber, and who had unfortunately more influence with the Assembly. Sieyès was a vain, dogmatic, dialectic theorist. "Politics," said he, "is an art which I think I have brought to perfection."

Mirabeau vacillated, it must be confessed, between these two influences. His good sense showed him the wisdom of Mounier's ideas; his love of popularity inclined him at times to the solutions which seemed more in accordance with the popular caprice. On the question of a second chamber, Mirabeau abandoned Mounier; he did not even speak; he knew that the majority had made up its mind. He was firm on the question of the necessity of the royal sanction for the laws. "Without the royal sanction," he said, "I would rather live in Constantinople than in Paris." His ideal seems to have been a strong king and a strong chamber, working in unison for the people. Was the right of veto to be absolute, or was it to be only suspensive? Great discussions took place on this point. Mirabeau was in favor of the veto, but his utterances were such that he was not considered or represented as a partisan of an absolute veto. The Assembly adopted the suspensive veto, and in consequence of this vote Mounier and his friends

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left the Constitutional Committee. A new Committee was appointed. Sieyès and Talleyrand remained in it.

While the constitutional work was going on, the revolutionary work did not cease; and, in fact, the revolutionary work had its constant influence on the Constitution-making. The insurrectionary forces of Paris invaded Versailles, entered the Assembly, and forced the King to return to Paris. The conduct of Mirabeau during the 5th and 6th of October was at least equivocal; he made a violent attack on the Queen on the morning of the 5th, but disappeared during the next day, while the château was invaded by the mob and the guard were massacred. A short time after these events, the Duc d'Orléans and Mirabeau dined together at Versailles at M. de La Marck's. "I saw clearly," writes M. de La Marck, "that there was between them a coldness which excluded the idea of a secret understanding." A few days afterwards, the Duc d'Orléans suddenly asked M. de La Marck, "When will Mirabeau serve the Crown?" M. de La Marck was surprised, and merely said, "It seems to me that thus far he has not moved in that direction." We shall, however, see Mirabeau take that direction, and we may follow him in his efforts for the preservation of the monarchy.

DEMOCRATIC ASSUMPTIONS—IV.

EQUALITY.

LONDON, June 18, 1891.

No "fundamental" of the democratic creed is more assailable—as none has been more successfully attacked—than the dogma of human equality. The proposition that all men are born equal, if looked at as an axiom of political science, is indeed patently absurd. The difficulty nowadays for any thinking man is not to perceive its absurdity, but to understand the reasons which have at times commended it to universal acceptance. Difference, we now see, is the law of the universe; it is certainly the law of human nature. Men vary in physical strength, in intellectual capacity, and in moral sensibility. Look at the world at any given period of history, and the phenomenon which arrests attention is the inequality of individuals and of classes. Strength and weakness, knowledge and ignorance, riches and poverty, every attribute or circumstance you like, serves to discriminate one person from another. A human being's destiny is in many things fixed from his birth. The distinction of sex alone introduces an element of diversity and inequality into the whole framework of society. People do not start fair in the battle of life. Predestination is a theological term which has fallen out of use with the decline of the school of divinity to which it belonged; but predestinarianism, as it existed before the birth, so it will survive the death, of Calvinism, for it expresses one way, and that to many persons a natural way, of looking at the facts of life. Whoever compares a class of well-fed, well-trained, well-conducted schoolboys with a gang of young thieves, will feel inclined to assert that some men are as obviously predestined to the practice of ordinary virtue as others are foredoomed to become the slaves of crime and vice. To say that a good deal of this radical difference results from social arrangements, will not suffice to reëstablish our belief in the natural equality of man. We are compelled to ask whence arise the inequalities of society, and history drives us back to the conclusion that the harshness of social arrangements itself originates in the injustice of nature. To say more on this subject is unnecessary; to denounce or expose the paradox that men are born equal is, at the present day, to "force an open door."

But though the doctrine that all men are created equal neither needs nor repays confutation, every serious student must feel that the arguments used to expose the favorite error of Rousseau and of his acknowledged or unacknowledged followers are unsatisfactory. It is easy to show that men neither are created equal, nor, if they could all for a moment be placed on the same footing, would be likely to remain equal for a day; but it is impossible to show that an inaccurate formula which has been accepted as true not only by isolated thinkers, but by whole generations, does not contain an element of substantial truth. Nor, if any man will divest himself at once of democratic and of anti-democratic prepossessions, is it difficult to see what this element of truth is. Mankind are distinguished from each other by obvious and important differences, but they are also linked together by the similar attributes of a common humanity. On these admitted facts two opposite views of society may be based. A well-ordered polity, it may on the one hand be contended, should correspond with and even foster the differences which distinguish one body of men from another. This is the notion which underlies the aristocratic or oligarchical theory of government. The true object, it may on the other hand be maintained, of every social or political arrangement which in the long run benefits mankind, is to cherish and give prominence to the characteristics which are common to all human beings. This is the idea which supports every form of popular government. Thinkers or statesmen who are influenced by the belief that the attributes wherein men resemble one another have a far deeper and more permanent importance than the characteristics in which they differ, will always tend towards the opinion not that men are equal, but that they should, as far as possible, be treated as though they were equal. This is the doctrine of human equality put in a reasonable form. Its absolute truth, even in this shape, admits of doubt, but a candid arguer would find it difficult to maintain that, as thus understood, the doctrine is clearly untrue.

This rational belief in equality has stood the test of time. Its defence ought to be based on the frankest admission that the idea of a golden age when men, being all equal and all happy, lived unoppressed by tyranny and uncorrupted by priestcraft, is one of the idlest dreams which ever deluded mankind. For if we want to see how great are the triumphs of equality, we must confess that the earlier stages of human development have been marked by inequality among individuals and classes. Society has originated, if we are to trust history, in the rule of the few who were strong over the many who were weak. Equality is not the beginning from which society starts, but the goal towards which enlightened civilization tends. Belief in equality—that is, in the supreme importance of the characteristics common to humanity—has released men in one sphere of life after another from the bondage and tyranny of nature. Equality before the judgment-seat, equality in the church, equality in civil rights, equality in political power, have, by the slowest degrees, and only in the more civilized portions of the world, been first the ideals of jurists, prophets, and statesmen, and next have become principles which more or less govern the world. Trust in human nature may well be exaggerated, but that it has in civilized countries produced gigantic and often beneficial results admits not of denial.

Two considerations, moreover, which are often overlooked by reasoners who, from the time of Plato downwards, have fixed their gaze upon the evils, both theoretical and practical, of democracy, have in the modern world strengthened the belief in human equality. The first of these considerations is that the inequalities which exists in a given society rarely correspond with the real and essential differences which make one man the superior of another. It was not true in the days of Rousseau that men in France or elsewhere were born naturally equal, but it was true, towards the end of the last century, in France, as in almost every other European country, that the inequalities of society were absurd and oppressive. Throughout the whole French nation it would have been difficult to discover a human being less fit to rule France than Louis XV. To subject the wisdom and knowledge of Turgot to the prejudice and weakness of Louis XVI. was so far from being a recognition of the essential differences between man and man, that it was in reality the successful attempt to give to a man with the talents of a locksmith the right to control a minister endowed with the genius of a statesman. The second of these considerations is, that there is nothing more real, though few things are less recognized, than the equality of ignorance. Politics do not yet approach the character of a science. Where the wisest know little, the difference is, or seems, little between ignorance and knowledge. This is the reason why a good number of sound arguments against the follies of democracy fail to command much attention. Mr. Huxley, for example, has recently reproduced the old and instructive comparison between the management of a ship and the guidance of the State.

> "I should be sorry," he writes, "to find myself on board a ship in which the voices of the cook and the loblolly boys counted for as much as those of the officers upon a question of steering or of reefing topsails, or where the great art of the crew was called upon to settle the ship's course. And there is no sea more dangerous than the ocean of practical politics."

All this is true, but Mr. Huxley forgets, what the citizens of a democracy are only too apt to remember, that a competent politician has nothing like the knowledge of statecraft that a competent mariner has of seamanship. If the leading statesmen, moreover, of England or of the United States cannot claim to be captains when called upon to guide the vessel of state through the ocean of politics, the average elector or citizen thinks at least that he can give a verdict on the political issues submitted to his decision with more intelligence than a loblolly boy can steer a vessel during a storm. Whether this opinion be true or not, it is easy to see why in England, France, or America, the doctrine of human equality, if put in a reasonable form, should receive general assent. Be this as it may, one thing is certain: belief in equality is essential to confidence in democracy. Sap the general confidence in this dogma, and you shake the foundation of popular government.

Two influences are undermining this basis of democratic faith. The predominant philosophy of the day is anti-democratic. Any mode of abstract thought can, it is true, combine with any theory of politics. The orthodox piety of Johnson and the theological scepticism of Hume were each compatible with Toryism. The utilitarianism of Hobbes made

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him the advocate of despotism; the utilitarianism of Bentham made him the supporter of popular government. Locke, who formulated the creed of the Whigs, was the intellectual parent of Rousseau, who was the prophet of despotic democracy. Yet certain phases of philosophic opinion favor, if they do not produce, certain conditions of political thought. One author after another has shown that the theories of Locke, and still more of his disciples, were at any rate congenial to ideas of democratic equality. "Men, I think," he writes, "have been much the same for natural endowments in all times"; and there is no reason to suppose that to thinkers influenced by Locke's philosophy this statement seemed to savor of paradox. The last writers of repute who in England represented the tradition of the eighteenth century, were Mill and the now almost forgottten Buckle. All their speculations are colored by the assumption that the differences among men are in no sense innate, but in the main the result of circumstances; and Buckle announces this view in the loud-voiced, dogmatic manner which gave his writings for a moment such tremendous vogue, and has now robbed them of their really deserved reputation. "We have not," he tells his disciples, "any decisive ground for saying that [the moral or intellectual] faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized part of Europe than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country"; and he adds that "we often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence." He teaches, in short, that the child of one of the savages who harassed the march of Stanley is as likely to be endowed with the intellect of Newton, or with the benevolence of Howard, as is the son of the most intellectual or the most spiritually minded of English, of French, or of German parents.

There is no need to dispute that this paradox, regarded as a paradox, calls attention to a constantly overlooked truth. At the present day we overestimate the influence of inheritance. The two points to be noticed, however, are these: the first is, that the view of human nature repeated with pompous exaggeration by Buckle directly favored the belief in political equality; the second, that a doctrine once held by all the best thinkers of their time could not now be unreservedly maintained by any man of education and ability. The 'History of Civilization in England' was published in 1858; in 1859 appeared Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' Among the many effects of the latter work one, at any rate, is, we may conjecture, permanent. Words like those uttered by Buckle will never be uttered again by a man of anything like Buckle's parts or knowledge. But the matter does not end here. Not only is the philosophy which fostered ideas of political equality discredited, but a mode of thought for the time rules the world which is in a sense anti-democratic. By this I do not mean that Darwinism has, or ought to have, any immediate bearing on the politics of the day. Few things are more absurd than the way in which partisanship endeavors to enlist science in its service. Darwinism will not be found any more serviceable for the defence, say, of the House of Lords than Christianity for the support of ecclesiastical establishments. The way in which the doctrines taught by Darwin and, still more, the popular perversions of these doctrines tell against democratic ideas is, that they produce an atmosphere in which these ideas cannot easily flourish. Notions such as those embodied in the phrases "struggle for existence" or "survival of the fittest" may favor individual freedom, but they certainly are not cognate to conceptions of human equality. Darwinism is historically and logically connected with Malthusianism; and Malthus was the opponent, and has hitherto been the invincible opponent, of Rousseau. The declining authority of theology, moreover, is, strange though the assertion may sound to democrats, injurious to the reputation of some democratic dogmas. The equality of Christians as members of the Church favors the equality of men as citizens of the State.

The circumstances of the day are pressing on the attention of democratic societies the differences which divide races and classes. Changes in the prevalent philosophy of the time tell slowly, if at all, on the political convictions of the people. It is, as I have insisted again and again, obvious facts, or at least appearances, which guide the conduct of mankind. Men's theories and actions are so curiously intertwined that while, on the one hand, their conduct is governed by their ideas, their conceptions in turn are the result of their conduct and their needs. The belief in equality has been hitherto readily entertained by an English or American artisan partly because it has flattered his self-love, and partly for the stronger and much better reason that the belief is, within certain limits, roughly or approximately in correspondence with facts. Bright once said that if you took by chance the first ten or twelve respectably dressed men who passed through Temple Bar, you could form out of them a ministry as competent as most cabinets. The saying, though no doubt uttered more than half in jest, contained a real meaning. There are thousands of Englishmen or Americans who, if placed by accident in office, would not show themselves markedly inferior to the politicians who nominally direct the destinies of civilized countries. *Quantulâ sapientiâ mundus regitur* is a profound and even a consolatory saying. It may have been cynically uttered, but a career such as Abraham Lincoln's reveals the grand side of what sounds like a mere sneer at human imbecility.

But the doctrine that all men in a civilized country are fit to perform the duties and entitled to enjoy the full rights of citizens, if true at all, is applicable only to countries and races which have reached a certain stage of civilization. This limitation on the belief in equality has, till recently, been of so little practical importance to an ordinary Englishman or American that he has been able to overlook its existence. But every day which passes thrusts this unrecognized limitation more decisively on his attention. Science has practically lessened the size, and prosperity has increased the population, of the world. In every land which is inhabited or ruled by the English race, ordinary men are awakening to the knowledge that they are liable to be pressed upon by classes and races which are certainly unlike, and, as Englishmen assume, are inferior to, the man of English descent. Does the American or English workman really think the Chinaman or the negro or the Japanese his equal? Are the artisans of any country prepared to concede willingly real equality, or even substantial justice, to the Jews? Is it at all certain that the inhabitants of America and Australia will, say, fifty years hence, be eager to welcome to full citizenship emigrants who bring with them the poverty and the ignorance of the Old World? The answer to all these questions is, to say the least, open to doubt. Every moralist who wishes well to his kind must hope that, as the struggle for existence becomes harder, and race presses upon race, the claims of justice may turn out to have as much might as they have right. However this may be, one thing is clear: whenever the democracies of England or of America are called upon to adjust their relations to other races, they will assuredly be compelled to adjust their political theories to new facts. That they will cling to the truth contained in the dogma of human equality is possible, and, it may be hoped, probable. But the applications of this dogma will, it may be expected, receive certain restrictions. The dogma itself will sink to the position of a probable, and, so to speak, qualified belief. It will gain in reasonableness, but it will lose what I may call the quality of inspiration.

AN OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

ST. GAUDENS'S STATUE OF REST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A day or two since, I came across, among the telegraphic despatches in the daily papers, one about a very remarkable work of art which I have recently, by chance, had occasion to study and admire. I refer to the bronze memorial to the late Mrs. Henry Adams, executed by St. Gaudens, and placed by her husband over her grave in the cemetery near the Soldiers' Home at Washington.

To my surprise, and I may as well add disgust, I find this memorial, a draped female figure, referred to in the despatch (which I presume is going the rounds of the press) as a "figure of Despair, . . . heroic size, whose expression and attitude perfectly represent the subject." The notice adds that "the venerable rector of Rock Creek Church is shocked, and longs to get this unchristian monument out of his churchyard." I know nothing of the rector in question; nor, until I chanced to be in Washington in May last, had I ever heard of that last work of St. Gaudens, which cannot fail to excite a great deal of attention hereafter; but it must be singularly annoying, both to the sculptor and to Mr. Adams, to see this striking moument heralded over the land as "a figure of Despair"! To one, also, who appreciates a work of true art, such a heralding is singularly exasperating.

The figure in question is in bronze, heroic size, and is marked by the strength, boldness, and severe simplicity, as well as originality, of the artist's treatment. In my judgment, St. Gaudens has done nothing more memorable. It represents Rest—sudden rest, and complete cessation from weariness and pain — at the Grave. It is certainly true that there is about it nothing of the conventional mortuary art—that dreary array of anchors and urns and angels and crosses and lambs, those monuments of the artistic ineptitude of skilled workmen in stone which make modern cemeteries terrible and cause the man of educated taste to wish to be buried in the sea—there is in St. Gaudens's production nothing of all that, and, in so far, it constitutes a new departure; but it is a departure for which it is high time, and one most desirable to be made.

Not improbably the rector of Rock Creek Church may have failed to appreciate at first glance what is, in point of fact, one of the few really great and noticeable mortuary memorials in existence, one in which St. Gaudens can take justifiable pride, and the visitor a deep, and almost painful, pleasure. But it is

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sincerely to be hoped that those who are led to visit the Rock Creek Cemetery from the desire to look upon, and I may add to study, one of the most striking and suggestive of modern bronzes, will go there with a sufficient degree of elementary art education not to mistake a memorial symbolic of Rest for a "Figure of Despair"! D.

NEW YORK, July 11, 1891.

THE TARIFF ON "SMALL POTATOES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if the enclosed interesting circumstance about Custom-house decisions will be new to you. A letter arrives to me of the most ordinary dimensions, is marked "Suspected liable to customs duties," is found to contain only some foreign postage-stamps—some bought at the post-office and thus new, some used ones, taken from letters of the sender, and having therefore no value whatever at the place from which sent. Both kinds are assessed for duty by the Boston Collector of Customs, and at the full value of similar stamps in the hands of dealers already on this side of the water.

The interesting thing is, that from this it follows that the printed paper money of other countries must also be dutiable, as printed matter, and every five pound note of the Bank of England which is in the possession of a traveller when he lands here must pay a duty of $6.25. The same must be true of every piece of paper money imported by banks or other institutions.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. CLARK.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., July 8, 1891.

Notes.

GINN & Co., Boston, will issue during the present month 'Ethics for Young People,' by Prof. C. C. Everett of Harvard.

D. Appleton & Co. announce 'The Faith Doctor,' by Edward Eggleston.

The Gossip Printing Company, Mobile, Ala., have nearly ready 'Alabama State Troops, in Camp and Field,' by T. C. DeLeon.

Mr. George A. Aitken, author of a Life of Sir Richard Steele, has now completed his work upon Arbuthnot. The volume, which will be issued by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, will probably appear in the autumn. Besides containing all that is known of the Doctor, it will give a collection of all the miscellaneous (non-scientific) writings that can with certainty be assigned to him. There will also be a full bibliography. Mr. Aitken, who is quite a young man in years, is one of the private secretaries to Sir Arthur Blackwood, the permanent Under Secretary to the British Post-office. Like Anthony Trollope, Edmund Yates, Clement Scott, and many others who have served on the staff at St. Martin's-le-Grand, the young author illustrates the happy combination of the performance of postal duties with the pursuit of letters.

The poems of Emily Dickinson, the Amherst recluse whom Andrew Lang calls "a poet who had constructed her own individual 'Ars Poetica,'" continue in active demand, the eighth American edition being already in preparation. An Arabic translation made in Syria has passed through several editions.

Under the title, 'Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius' (Harpers), Thomas Hitchcock gathers six short biographical essays, previously published separately, upon Gibbon and Madam Necker, Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, Goethe and Charlotte von Stein, Mozart and Aloysia Weber, Cavour and the Unknown, and Irving and Mrs. Carlyle. The substance and treatment of these topics are sufficiently indicated by the title; there is no novelty in the story, except that the love of Cavour is comparatively little known. The author's style is pleasing, and, as a series of sketches of infelicity in love among the men of genius and brilliant women, the volume is entirely adequate.

Mr. James Vila Blake adds to the list of his varied works a new volume of papers upon out-of-the-way characters and stories, 'St. Solifer, with Other Worthies and Unworthies' (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.), in which he mingles curious information with fancy, and plays at moralizing. The range of sources mentioned is from the 'Decameron' to the 'Zend-Avesta' and Greek mythology, and the resulting essay is one of those nondescripts of easy reading which must be classed with the "sports" of the summer season, being neither fiction, religion, nor good plain sense, yet partaking of each.

The admirers of Dr. John Brown, the author of 'Rab and His Friends,' owe a debt of gratitude to the family, who have secured the publication of some admirable personal sketches of him and his sister by a lady whose acquaintance with them was like that of one of the household. The full title of this brief, but delightfully familiar, memoir is 'Dr. John Brown and His Sister Isabella: Outlines,' by E. T. M'Laren (Edinburgh: David Douglas). The book is beautifully printed and bound and makes a thin quarto. Two excellent portraits of Dr. Brown and one of his sister are given, and there is also an engraving of Symington church and churchyard, which makes a pretty tailpiece to the volume. As the present issue is marked as the fourth edition, the merit and charm of this memorial seem to have been already appreciated by the friends of this favorite of many minds.

Six years have elapsed since we noticed Mr. C. P. Kunhardt's 'Small Yachts: Their Design and Construction Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice' (*Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.). The first of the remarkable series of contests between American centre-board sloops and British cutters in 1885, 1886, and 1887 had not taken place, we think, before this useful work appeared. The *Puritan* would shortly beat the *Genesta*, next year the *Mayflower* the *Galatea*, and the third year the *Volunteer* the *Thistle*. The *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Galatea* are figured in the new and enlarged edition of 'Small Yachts' just published, and there are other traces of these international trials of invention and seamanship. While the "ruling types" have undergone a change, the general scheme of Mr. Kunhardt's treatise remains unaltered, and his folio volume is as comely as it is practically serviceable to yachtsmen of large as well as small craft.

We have received from the publishers revised editions of Appletons' well-known 'General Guide to the United States and Canada' and 'Handbook of Summer Resorts,' together with a new 'Canadian Guide-Book' from the competent hand of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts. This work opens at Niagara Falls and closes at Yarmouth, N. S. As would be expected from the author's name, the descriptions, besides being minute, have a literary flavor not commonly associated with guide-books. There is an appendix for sportsmen. Numerous illustrations and plans and three folding maps accompany the text. The typography is open and clear, and rather more readable than that of Sweetser's compact 'Maritime Provinces.'

A new 'Handbook of Amherst, Mass.,' has been prepared and published in that pleasant college hill-town by Frederick H. Hitchcock. The College naturally occupies the larger half of the compilation, and is abundantly illustrated with statistics and with plates. The work supplies a want, and we therefore wonder that Mr. Hitchcock did not consider an index indispensable.

After three years, a second edition of Prof. Goldwin Smith's familiar letters to the Toronto *Week*, 'A Trip to England,' has been published (Macmillan).

'New China and Old,' by the Rev. A. E. Moule (London: Seeley & Co.), consists of the recollections and observations of a thirty years' residence in China. The different subjects which are taken up, life in an open port, in an inland city, in the country, travelling, the house of a mandarin, etc., are treated with such a fulness of information and illustration from personal experience as to give the book a distinct value. There are also chapters upon Buddhism and Taoism as they affect the life of the people, and upon ancestor worship. This, the author, as well as many educated Chinese, regards as the greatest obstacle to the success of Christianity in China. The people in general look with indifference on a countryman who rejects either of the national faiths; but the Chinaman who renounces the worship of his ancestors not only cuts himself off from his kindred, but suffers a severe pecuniary loss in forfeiting his share of the property set aside for the expenses of the annual sacrifices. Mr. Moule writes soberly but encouragingly of the work of the missionaries and the general progress of the nation within the past thirty years. There is an excellent account of the educational system of China, showing the various processes by which a lad passes from the village school to the examination for the highest degree. A few illustrations from photographs add to the attractiveness of this interesting and suggestive book.

The article of greatest interest in the July number of the "Papers of the American Historical Association" is "The Fate of Dietrich Flade," by Prof. George L. Burr of Cornell. It augurs well for the development of historical studies in this country to see the wealth of labor and research—research not only into printed sources, but into all accessible documentary material—intelligently brought to bear to reconstruct a story which had become distorted, and then well-nigh forgotten. Nor has the intelligent research been wasted, for the story as now revealed to us throws a ray of searching light into some of the darkest recesses of the witchcraft craze of the sixteenth century. The other papers of the number are two academical discussions—one on "The Philosophic Aspects of History," by Mr. William T. Harris, and one answering the question, "Is History a Science?" by Prof. R. H. Dabney—and two Canadian papers, one by George Stewart, on "Historical Studies in Canada," and the other an historical retrospect of the relations between Canada and the United States, by John George Bourinot. The latter is an able presentation of the Canadian side of many questions that have been settled more or less completely by diplomacy.

The Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, 1891, April–June, contain a valuable collection of "Great Russian Animal Tales," with an introduction, a synopsis of the adventures and motives, a discussion of the same, and an appendix, by A. Gerber, Ph.D., Professor of German and French in Earlham College. The stories are fifty in number, and are condensed from an unpub-

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lished version, by Prof. Leskien of the University of Leipzig, of A. F. Afanasieff's 'Narodnyia Russkiia Skazki,' already somewhat familiar to English readers from the 'Russian Folk-Tales' of Ralston, who purposely, however, omitted stories about animals. One of the most valuable features of Prof. Gerber's work is the synopsis of the adventures and motives of the tales, and their discussion under general classes instead of under each separate story—a method of arrangement which might be applied with great economy of time and space to future collections of folk-tales. All that is wanting is an alphabetical index of incidents, arranged under catchwords. The comparative notes are conveniently distributed under the heads of literary variants, oral variants, collections of variants, and source. Prof. Gerber has read extensively in the field of animal tales, and his conclusions as to the origin and diffusion of this class of stories are sound and scholarly.

The first Bulletin of the Library of Bowdoin College comes to us bound up with the obituary record of the college graduates for the year ending June 1, 1891. The other marked feature of the Bulletin is a list of poems illustrating Greek mythology in the English poetry of the nineteenth century, by Edward C. Guild. The arrangement is perspicuous and the result interesting. On this showing, Prometheus and Proserpine have had the greatest attraction for our poets. Cupid and Psyche, Hero and Leander, Jason and Medea, Hercules and Dejaneira, Admetus and Alcestis, Orpheus and Eurydice, and Endymion, lead the remainder. Crœsus and Sappho are allowed to slip in among the gods, demi-gods, fabled and semi-historic personages of the list.

The Senate of the University of Michigan has begun publication of a *University Record*, to appear four times during the year, and to chronicle the educational and scientific work going on under the auspices of the University. The scheme embraces even abstracts of meritorious theses. In No. 2 we read that the legislative appropriations to this institution since 1867 have amounted to $1,800,687; Wisconsin falls but little behind in munificence to its own University.

Mr. Francis Galton's communication to the Royal Society on a method of indexing finger marks is printed in *Nature* for June 11. He had already proved "the extraordinary persistence of the papillary ridges on the inner surface of the hands throughout life," and that "the impression in ink upon paper of each finger-tip contained, on the average, from twenty-five to thirty distinct points of reference" absolutely persistent with the rarest exceptions, so that any two would serve to identify a person. He now recommends his system of indexing as an immense reinforcement of A. Bertillon's anthropometric measures, used in the criminal administration of France and other countries; but its prime value in his own eyes has relation to racial and hereditary inquiries, concerning which use we shall hear from him by and by. His indexing can be applied direct to the fingers themselves without the aid of an impression. The forefingers are most variable in pattern.

Referring to an observation by Mr. Moncure Conway, in his article in *Harper's Magazine* for May, upon the English Ancestry of George Washington, a correspondent writes us: "As regards the account given by John Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Clergy,' of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, it should interest Mr. Conway to know that the original manuscripts upon which Walker's work is founded are preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. There are about 25 to 30 volumes in all. Of these some 7 are of a biographical nature, consisting of letters from persons who gave facts set forth in the printed work. Being myself one of those British who are interested in the question of Washington's ancestry, when at Oxford, last year, in pursuit of historical researches at the Bodleian, I made a rapid glance over these volumes, which, unfortunately, are not indexed, hoping to come across a letter from the 'ancient gentleman of his neighborhood' who had given a good character to the Rev. Lawrence; but my hasty search bore no fruit. An American who can give more time to the search than I was able to afford, may hope for more success. Some one should make a proper search, for, if the 'ancient gentleman's' letter be unearthed, it may fairly be expected to disclose the name of the 'poor and miserable' living which the Rev. Lawrence Washington was given after he lost that of Purleigh."

—In our prospectus the other day, of Oliver's History of Antigua, we mentioned some of the New England families connected with that island, including the Redwoods of Newport. This name, as everybody knows who has visited the famous Rhode Island watering-place, is attached to one of the most attractive proprietary libraries in the country, consisting of some 35,000 volumes, stored, amid many objects of art and curiosity, in a building of which the earliest portion dates back to 1750. The library itself was begun in 1747, when Abraham Redwood the second, who had become a Quaker by convincement, gave £500 towards the purchase of books, and Henry Collins the land for a building. It was in great danger of being scattered to the winds, and did suffer incalculable losses, during the British occupation, and it has experienced a great many vicissitudes since, ending in its being rich in collections and poor in endowment. The story of it has just been told in a stout volume, 'Annals of the Redwood Library and Athenæum,' edited by George Champlin Mason, and published by the institution itself. Mr. Mason had charge of the last enlargement of the building, in 1875. He had the artist's instinct to follow the action of George Snell in 1858, when Peter Harrison's beautiful old design was respected in making an addition, and this was a singular good fortune for the library. Mr. Mason has gone through the official records, culling out what was notable in the regulations or the gifts, and adding copious biographical sketches and other notes. He shows by the books mentioned in wills how cultivated the first settlers of Newport were, and he is able to print the entire list of the original Redwood purchase. Dr. Ezra Stiles, the most, if not the only, noted librarian of Redwood, is cited as deducing "the abilities of the seventy or eighty worthy ministers who first settled in New England from the libraries they brought with them from England." Two items in the 'Annals' are to be remarked for their historic significance, and we preface them with the reminder that Newport, after having lost its slave trade, retained its pro-slavery sympathies, partly in consequence of direct commerce with the South, and partly owing to the annual influx of Southern visitors. On Feb. 13, 1860, the directors of the library declined to place on file a free copy of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; on Feb. 13, 1865, they voted thanks and free use of the library to Col. T. W. Higginson for his lecture on the "The Freedom of South Carolina." The work, which is uniform in size with the author's 'Reminiscences of Newport' and 'Annals of Trinity Church, Newport,' has been very handsomely printed, and is embellished with numerous portraits. The ancient initial letters we recognize as having done service in Florentine printing-offices more than three centuries ago.

—The two volumes of Max Müller's 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' after passing through numerous editions essentially unchanged, have now, almost thirty years after their first appearance, been accorded, through the destruction of the old plates, a most encouraging opportunity for a fresh start in life (Charles Scribner's Sons). "It is difficult indeed," says Prof. Müller, with much plausibility, in his preface, "for an author who lives beyond the number of years generally allotted to scholars, to know what to do with his old books"; but what our author finally determined upon in this particular case was "to make one more attempt to render these volumes as correct as he [I] could." This he seems to have done, but he has not rendered the volumes particularly correct. His plan was not to rewrite or reconstruct them, but to patch them up. He added a page here and there, and now and then he reluctantly parted with a paragraph that had come to be too bad for anything. He corrected some of the bad etymologies that had figured as illustrations, and here the German-English side fared better than the Greek and Latin, for there are swarms of blunders left of the sort that connects *Naxos* with *νῆσος* and derives *nomen* from **gnomen*. These were well enough for "'fo' de war," but it seems too bad to use up new plates on them now.

—There is evidence of a largeness of view and a generosity of thinking that have always characterized this writer in his readiness to recognize the important results of recent investigation. For instance, he accords rightfully to Brugmann's 'Grundriss,' as representing the third stock-taking in the history of the science, a position at the opening of a third period in its development. Still, he does not seem to have assimilated the results of these recent years, nor to have readjusted the body of his thinking to them. They appear merely as a veneer over the old material. Thus, insisting as he does still on ranking the science of language among the physical sciences, instead of among the historical sciences, where it belongs, he is led into perpetuating his utterly meaningless discrimination between phonetic change and "dialectic change" (*cf.*, *e. g.*, ii., 216ff, 253). The changes, he says, which give French *quatre* for Latin *quatuor* and English *four* for Gothic *fidwôr* are ascribable to phonetic corruption, which, "being due to a relaxation of muscular energy, admits of a simple physiological explanation, and depends on causes which are always the same." On the other hand, however, *quatuor* and *fidwôr* "can only be explained as the result of dialectic variation"; and while phonetic changes "can be reduced to very strict rules," dialectic changes "cannot, at least not with the same unerring certainty." This is the most hopeless quiddling, and simply shows that the most essential discussions of the last fifteen years have passed our author harmlessly by, and left his views upon the most fundamental questions of the life of language absolutely free from contamination.

—A recent number of the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* contained a noteworthy paper on Isaac Rousseau, the father of Jean Jacques, by Prof. Eugène Ritter of the University of Geneva, well known for his studies of the 'Confessions' and the correspondence of the author of 'Émile.' Isaac was

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a watchmaker by trade (*maître et marchand horloger*), like his father David before him, but he varied his occupation by giving dancing lessons with two partners, one of whom fell under the displeasure of the Calvinistic authorities for having asserted that a man forced to change his religion would not be damned, and had to apologize on his knees. By the terms of the partnership Isaac secured for himself the privilege of travel abroad, having inherited a nomadic disposition, both racial and family, which he was to pass on to his more distinguished son. He accordingly spent some years on the shores of the Bosphorus, there being a Genevese colony at Pera, whose pastor was the chaplain of the Dutch Legation. From this clergyman he brought back in 1711 a letter to the association of pastors in Geneva; but a far more important consequence of his return was a fresh paternity, of which Jean Jacques was "le triste fruit," since the mother died in childbed. Isaac was in 1715 appointed one of the collectors of the clerical association just mentioned, and was on the way to civic promotion when his unlucky love of hunting led him to quarrel with a land-owner who objected to his passing through a field of standing grain, and to wound him. To avoid the law he fled the Genevan territory, was condemned in contumacy, and was an exile for years, abandoning his family. As Rousseau bore his father's lineaments in his face, so Prof. Ritter finds in the career of Isaac the destiny of Jean Jacques. He throws a great deal of light on the latter's descent and family connections, correcting many errors in the 'Confessions'—all involuntary, as Prof. Ritter believes, and unpremeditated. Incidentally he gives from the records a picture of Genevan manners which might easily be matched in Puritan New England.

— In the 'Sitzungsberichte der königlich preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin' (May 28, 1891) there is an interesting essay by Dr. F. Liebermann entitled "Ueber den Quadripartitus, ein Englisches Rechtsbuch von 1114." The 'Quadripartitus' is the earliest Anglo-Norman law-book, concerning which very little was known until Dr. Liebermann published the results of his investigations. The work was compiled in 1114 in Wessex, perhaps at Winchester. The author was an ecclesiastic, perhaps in the employ of the royal exchequer. His object was to collect the Anglo-Saxon laws, together with the legal enactments of William the Conqueror and Henry I. The work begins with the Dedication, in which the writer dwells on his misfortunes and the immorality of the Norman nobles. Then follows the Prologue, in which he emphasizes the prominent place of Cnut's laws in Anglo-Saxon legislation, gives a brief sketch of English history from Cnut to 1113, and outlines the plan of the whole treatise. In Book I. the Anglo-Saxon laws are translated into Latin, with those of Cnut as the basis of the collection. This first book is identical with the 'Vetus Versio' of the Anglo-Saxon laws. No manuscript of these laws approaches in completeness this portion of the 'Quadripartitus.' In Book II. the author, turning from the past to the present, brings together important documents relating to the reign of Henry I., which throw much light on the constitution of England. This book ends with the canons of the English synod of 1108, and a valuable version of Henry I.'s enactment concerning the hundred and county courts.

—According to the Prologue, Books III. and IV. were to deal with procedure and theft respectively. They are not extant; perhaps they were never written. The 'Quadripartitus' was used by the compiler of the 'Leges Henrici I.,' the two collections having much in common. Twysden, Lappenberg, Cooper, Kolderup-Rosenvinge, Hardy, Thorpe, and Schmid published fragments of the former, but they had little knowledge of the work as a whole. Dr. Liebermann will soon publish a book entitled 'Quadripartitus, ein Englisches Rechtsbuch von 1114,' in which he will print the Dedication, Prologue, and Book II., and give a fuller account of the work and its author. He will print Book I. in his forthcoming edition of the Anglo-Saxon laws.

THE HOUSE OF MURRAY.

A Publisher and His Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768-1843. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 2 vols. With portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

THIS work contains a very rich collection of documents for literary history, especially during the period of the first half of this century. The great book-making age which began with Scott and Byron is the real subject of the volumes, and it is passed in review with an abundance of figures and details. Authors of every degree of reputation and books in every department of publishing receive more or less extended notice, and, to make the view complete, the periodical literature of the time is closely attended to. Murray lived in the world of books and was a great potentate there. The history of his affairs touches authors and publishers, literature and trade, poetry and politics; and no phase of his varied connections is neglected. In such a mass of matter the compiler might have been easily confused to the confusion of his readers; but the selection is well-proportioned, the arrangement is admirable, and the knowledge conveyed is great in amount. The mere names of writers mentioned would make a dictionary and the titles of books a catalogue, but a thread guides safely through the labyrinth; and Murray himself, so far from being lost in his retinue, keeps the throne in Albemarle Street, and impresses his personality as a man of business and a friend of literary men so constantly upon the reader that these memoirs of publishing never cease to be biography also.

Nevertheless, it is not possible for the reviewer to do more than pick and choose from the abundance at hand, and naturally we shall confine our attention to the great names. Byron is the pride of the house. Murray had the luck to discover him in "Childe Harold," and from the time when the noble lord (and such he always was to Murray) came in to look over the sheets and say to the enthusiastic publisher, "You think that a good idea, do you?" as he lunged at the book shelves with his cane, down to the burning of the Memoirs of the dead poet in the library fire, Murray never failed in his devotion. Byron's letters to his publisher have long been familiar and highly prized, and here we find not much that is new from his pen; but on the other side Murray's own letters complete the correspondence. He sent to the poet a great deal of flattery and not a little good advice, given with more tact than effect. The attitude of Byron's admirers in England towards the genius of their idol is brought out most strikingly, and was worth all the illustration it receives. There has been no such enthusiasm for literary men and their works, with the exception of the *furore* awakened by Dickens, as that which was so generously given to Scott and Byron. Sir Walter yet holds his own against all the chirping of the field, and one still feels the point of Lord Holland's compliment on reading the 'Tales of My Landlord'—"We did not one of us go to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." The case is different with Byron's 'Tales,' and one cannot read the chorus of praise without being keenly aware of the exaggeration due to the time. The elder D'Israeli, to take a strong case, writes to Murray of "The Siege of Corinth":

"I am anxious to tell you that I find myself this morning so strangely affected by the perusal of the poem last night that I feel it is one which stands quite by itself. I know of nothing of the kind which is worthy of comparison with it. There is no scene, no incident, nothing so marvellous in pathos and terror in Homer or any bard of antiquity. . . . I could not abstain from assuring you that I never read any poem that exceeded in power this, to me, most extraordinary production. I do not know where I am to find any which can excite the same degree of emotion."

Gifford was a critic hard to please, but he yielded completely to the spell. He quoted from memory passages of "The Corsair"—a thing Murray had never known him to do before. The expression of his opinion is always the same: "I keep my old opinion of Lord Byron. He may be what he will. Why will he not *will* to be the first of poets and of men?" And on a later page he adds: "I have lived to see three great men—men to whom none come near in their respective provinces—Pitt, Nelson, Wellington. Morality and religion would have placed our friend among them as the fourth boast of the time." The infatuation of the ladies is represented by a passage from a letter of Mrs. Graham: "He provokes me with fancying himself hated. Good God! did he know how many have with breathless interest watched his steps, grieved for him, praised him, and, where they could not, turned aside their eyes, like the patriarch's pious son, that they might not look upon his frailties, he would never return all this with misanthropy." Sir Walter Scott's admiration needs no fresh illustration, but here is a characteristic passage in connection with his admirable review of the third canto of "Childe Harold": "No one can honor Lord Byron's genius more than I do, and no one had so great a wish to love him personally, though personally we had not the means of becoming very intimate"; and as to the review, he says: "If you think it likely to hurt him either in his feelings or with the public, in God's name, fling the sheets in the fire." Byron was so sensible of the "delicacy" and "tact" of this review that he confessed as much to Murray before knowing its authorship. But without further examples it is abundantly plain that the worship of Byron infected the most intellectual class as well as the sentimental public.

"Don Juan" called forth the most serious remonstrances, and Byron appears to have heeded his literary advisers less in the case of this work. Some question of copyright was raised by the first issue of the early cantos without name of either publisher or author, a fact which abandoned it to the pirates; and on the matter being taken in hand to recover the rights, a good deal of discussion arose about the nature of the poem. It is amusing to find Sharon Turner seriously reporting an opinion from Shadwell that it could be defended on "one great tendency of the book," which was "to show in Don Juan's ultimate character the ill effect of that injudicious maternal education which Don Juan is

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represented as having received and which had operated injuriously on his mind." Lady Caroline Lamb, all of whose communications are lively, writes to Murray that he "cannot *think* how clever I *think Don Juan is in my* heart." She reminds him more than once that he used to call her his "left hand." The continuation of "Don Juan" drew from Croker a very striking letter of criticism, in which he told some home truths very directly. He has just read the third and fourth cantos: "What sublimity! what levity! what boldness! what tenderness! what majesty! what trifling! what variety! what *tediousness!—for tedious* to a strange degree it must be confessed that whole passages are." He goes on to compare Byron in this point to Brougham (whose "general powers of intellect" he thought unequalled among the men he knew), aptly enough, and he did not consider "Don Juan" so objectionable on moral grounds as to deserve severe condemnation; but some of its personal and political expressions seemed to him much more serious matters, and in what he added on this topic he showed sound judgment, though it was spoken in a high Tory vein:

"I cannot but think that if Mr. Gifford or some friend in whose taste and disinterestedness Lord Byron could rely, were to point out to him the cruelty to individuals, the injury to the national character, the offence to public taste, and the injury to his own reputation, of such passages as those about Southey and Waterloo and the British Government, and the head of that Government—I cannot but hope and believe that these blemishes in the first cantos would be wiped away in the next edition; and that some that occur in the two cantos (which you sent me) would never see the light. What interest can Lord Byron have in being the poet of a party in politics, or of a party in morals, or of a party in religion? Why should he wish to throw away the suffrages (you see the times infect my dialect) of more than half the nation?"

He winds up with a reminder that the Pulcian style is easily written, as had been shown by Frere, Rose, Cornwall, the "Blackwood Magaziners," and others, and it therefore was needful that Byron should distinguish his use of the form above the ordinary. Between comment and warning, the letter is an admirable critique.

Murray's personal relations with Byron were subject to some strains, but they remained friends. One thing that especially annoyed Murray was Byron's giving the copyright payments to friends, and he was justifiably irritated when Byron took back a copyright which he had yielded to Murray and asked him to pay the original liberal offer (£600) to Godwin, Maturin, and Coleridge.

"Your Lordship," he says, "will pardon me if I cannot avoid looking upon it as a species of cruelty, after what has passed, to take from me so large a sum—offered with no reference to the marketable value of the poems, but out of personal friendship and gratitude alone—to cast it away, on the wanton and ungenerous interference of those who cannot enter into your Lordship's feelings for me, upon persons who have so little claim upon you, and whom those who so interested themselves might more decently and honestly enrich from their own funds than by endeavoring to be liberal at the cost of another, and by forcibly resuming from me a sum which you had generously and nobly resigned."

The persons referred to are Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh. In the end Byron took the money for his own use. On the other hand, when Byron was offended by some corrections of Gifford's in "Manfred," and wrote smartly, Murray knew how to temper apology with reproof. The passage is characteristic enough to quote:

"I assure you that I take no umbrage at irritability which will occasionally burst from a mind like yours; but I sometimes feel a deep regret that in our pretty long intercourse I appear to have failed to show that a man in my situation may possess the feelings and principles of a gentleman; most certainly I do think that, from personal attachment, I could venture as much in any shape for your service as any of those who have the good fortune to be ranked amongst your friends."

Byron was certainly obliged to Murray for warm devotion, and, in the famous destruction of the poet's personal memoirs, for a deed of honor.

We have lingered upon the Byron chapters because of the already close association of Murray's name with the most famous of his authors, and also because the other literary memorials offer no such continuous story except in what relates to the *Quarterly*. This latter topic stands second in interest, and about it clusters a good deal of matter. Gifford himself is written of with some warmth of feeling. His character and career are carefully honored, and the respect and affection that Murray had for his editor are made to have full effect in diminishing the prejudice that surrounds his posthumous fame. He could write, it is acknowledged, with "terrible severity," but nobler qualities of his nature, his kind acts, and the soundness of his literary judgment are fully shown; there is no doubt but that these memoirs will raise his reputation. He was as much an element in the success of the *Review*, probably, as Murray himself, to whom it owed much because of the pride he took in it and the untiring energy with which he worked for it. The corps of contributors was a strong one, but secrecy long kept them obscure, and most of them were men whose lives, if written, are seldom read. The brief notices here found and the expression of character in one or two selected letters are welcome and help to vivify the names of the period. George Ellis, Sir John Barrow, Rose and Frere, the Hebers, and a score of others are thus brought forward, and they make a group of interesting minds. Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and Croker are more prominent because they were in a peculiar sense the pillars of the cause. Sir Walter, as always, writes entertainingly, kindly, and busily, showing the workshop of a laborious life and the exhaustless energy of his mind. Southey affords some of the best expressions of an author's vanity and deception about his works. Though he wrote for Murray at a hundred guineas an article, and averaged more than one article to the number, he looked on his ponderous histories and prolix poetic tales as his real work, and he had as little doubt that "Kehama" was an "acorn" and the "Lady of the Lake" a "Turkey bean," each with its appropriate length of years, as he had that he had beaten Napier out and out as an historian of the Peninsular War. He was, however, the chief dependence of the *Quarterly*, and invaluable, as Lockhart remarked, in giving it a certain tone agreeable to its constituency. Lockhart summed up Croker, too, very justly, if tartly, when he said that Croker had "the bitterness of Gifford without his dignity, and the bigotry of Southey without his *bonne foi*"; but that he had something besides is plain enough to a tolerant and attentive reader of his letters. His edition of Boswell, which every one knows Macaulay "crushed," sold, we are informed, 50,000 copies. Lockhart himself is finely characterized by Sir Walter in a long letter written to defend him against those who criticised his appointment to the editorship; and the portrait, though it presents him at his best and as Sir Walter knew him, is lifelike. His cold reserve and superciliousness were wholly compatible with fine critical discernment, and in these letters it is only the last that is to be found.

The total impression made by the "Reviewers" is of a body of men able in mind, of much breadth of information, and just in ordinary judgments, notwithstanding the violence of expression which some of them indulged in when their prejudices were interested or their anger roused. It is with pleasure that one notes how constantly and vigorously Murray discouraged personality both in his own *Review* and in *Blackwood's*, when he had a property interest in the latter, and how sound a principle he lays down upon the point. Even then the modern magazine was beginning to develop and its ideal to appear. He protests also against both "talent" and learning when introduced only for their own sake. "Information," is his cry, "news," as much in the magazine as in the press; and his convictions on the point are expressed with a certainty and definiteness such that a modern editor would have little to add to them.

The more important persons of the Memoirs are grouped about Byron and the *Quarterly*, but there are scores of authors who cannot be included in either of these sets. Murray's drawing-room is the only place where all are to be met, and there a procession is constantly passing of historians, poets, and travellers, native and foreign. The list is a long one, and includes many names of distinction in other walks than belles-lettres, and it is seldom that a name is mentioned without some incidental information of a personal or literary nature. The letters of Coleridge, for instance, relating to a translation of "Faust," are full of character-illustrations; there is the usual complaint about "bringing even my intellect to the market," and the self-esteem that kept no bounds. The most noticeable point is the statement that, just as he had improved "Wallenstein" by his translation of it, he meditated remodelling "Faust," giving it a finale, and so bringing it, recast and rewritten, on the stage. He would not in this case retain more than one-fifth of the original. The plan, of course, fell through. He complained very much of the reception of "Christabel": "Let it not be forgotten that while I had the utmost malignity of personal enmity to cry down the work, with the exception of Lord Byron there was not one of the many who had so many years together spoken so warmly in its praise, who gave it the least positive furtherance after its publication." The vanity of authors receives ample illustration. The hope of immortality was in many breasts a certainty. Wordsworth's self-confidence was large, and is commonly thought exceptional, but Southey and Coleridge thought as well of themselves, and the lesser fry kept the fashion of the time. Hogg, for instance, writes of his 'Pilgrims of the Sun': "I cannot help smiling at your London critics. They must read it over again. I had the best advice in the three kingdoms on the poem—men whose opinions even given in a dream I would not exchange for all the critics in England—before I ever proposed it for publication. I will risk my fame on it to all eternity." Sir Walter, great in this as in other qualities of character, took the best measure of his genius; and it is amusing to find him, in his curious review of the earlier Waverley novels, saying against himself all that his recent critics have urged. Thus he writes of the 'Black Dwarf,' for instance: "The narrative is unusually artificial; neither hero nor heroine excites interest of any sort, being just that sort of *pattern* people whom nobody

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cares a farthing about." This is as much as any devil's advocate could say.

In the way of character-illustration nothing is so out of the common run as Murray's account of Frere's marriage:

"Apropos of Mr. Frere: he came to me while at breakfast this morning, and between some stanzas which he was repeating to me of a truly original poem of his own, he said carelessly: 'By the way, about *half an hour ago* I was so silly' (taking an immense pinch of snuff and priming his nostrils with it) 'as to get *married*.' Perfectly true. He set out for Hastings about an hour after he left me, and upon my conscience I verily believe that if I had had your MS. to have put into his hand, as sure as fate he would have sat with me reading it all the morning and totally forgotten his little engagement."

He had, a note informs us, left his wife at the church so as to show his poem to Murray. But, as we have already said, the literary information of these volumes is inexhaustible, and it is the more useful because most of it concerns the less distinguished writers.

Murray himself deserves a parting word. His real character is that of a man of business, and a full account is given of the trade-affairs of the house. He acted up to a high standard of business morals, and sustains in his relations with the trade a reputation of the most honorable sort. The dealings which he had with authors were remarkable for their liberality and fairness, and the repeated testimonials of literary men when writing to each other, as well as when thanking Murray, show how unusually pleasant they found it to conduct business with him. He had a love of literature and a true and deep regard for genius. He was proud of his connection with books and men of letters. He made money out of them, and succeeded in his ambition of leading in his trade, but he did this without contracting a sordid habit or incurring enmity. He was able to heal what differences did arise in the course of business. The history of his relations with Moore, after the destruction of the memoirs, and the correspondence he had with the younger Disraeli after their serious quarrel over the founding of the unsuccessful daily, the *Representative*, are excellent examples of a forgetting spirit in the trials of friendship. Personally, too, he made and kept friends, and it is observable that, although he did not at once attach men to him, his good qualities seem to have grown upon acquaintance, and those who regarded him most warmly were the friends who had known him longest and most nearly. The fact that his social position was that of a man in trade is occasionally obvious enough, but it appears rather in the bearing of others towards him than in his own actions or habits of thought. He was praised by the best and won their respect, and in the hundreds of transactions referred to in these volumes he appears invariably with honor, unless a single instance of "a trick," involving nothing more than sharpness, and immediately acknowledged by Murray to have reflected some discredit, be excepted; and it was a trivial affair. The celebrated gibe, imputed to Moore and supposed to be directed at Murray—"Now Barabbas was a publisher"—could not have found a butt less to its purpose. The saying is here restored to Campbell, who made it and imposed it on some other publisher. For Murray the reader of these memoirs will entertain only a high regard.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE.

The Evolution of Marriage. By Ch. Letourneau, General Secretary to the Anthropological Society of Paris, and Professor in the School of Anthropology. [The Contemporary Science Series.] Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 373.

THE history of the development of any social institution has this for its most noticeable effect upon the mind of the reader: it suddenly changes the perspective in which he is in the habit of looking at the world, and he sees, if only for a moment, that modern civilization is but a brief breathing-place, won by a nearly desperate struggle out of vast regions of gloomy savagery which have preceded it and which surround it. In the case of Prof. Letourneau's book on marriage, the space given to modern, and especially to non-French, ideas on the subject is even disproportionally small, and the feeling of disgust at the whole human race with which one rises from its perusal, is more profound than the true condition of things demands. One feels the need of reading some fine poetry or work of fiction to remind one's self of the very different region in which the relations between the sexes can, in man's present high estate, have play.

M. Letourneau is the author of two important works—one on the 'Evolution of Morality' and one on 'Political Evolution in the Different Human Races.' In the present book, his main object is the collection of all the facts in regard to the marriage relation as it has existed at all times and in all places, and even among the higher animals. These facts have been patiently gleaned from the writings of ethnographers, travellers, legists, historians, and zoölogists. These facts are extremely curious and interesting when taken by themselves; their theoretical consideration, with a view to the foundation of what the author calls the science of ethnographical sociology, he modestly leaves to others. This modesty is not altogether misplaced, for the few generalizations and prognostications which he permits himself have not the ring of the work of a scientific mind of a high order.

The point most strongly brought out by this immense array of facts is that women have been treated, without exception, in primitive times, like slaves, or rather like domestic animals. Our present strict ideas in regard to sexual morality, invaluable as they are in marking us off from a state of savagery, have their unquestionable origin in the right of proprietorship in women like that in goods and chattels — a proprietorship which we find claimed in savage and even in barbarous countries without any feeling of shame. Women are a form of property which it is difficult to guard, both because they are

"unskilful in defending themselves, and because they do not bend willingly to the one-sided duty of fidelity that is imposed on them. Their masters, therefore, protect their interests by a whole series of cruel restraints, rigorous punishments, and ferocious revenges, which are left at first to the good pleasure of the marital proprietors, and afterwards regulated and codified. . . . I have previously shown, in my 'Évolution de la Morale,' that the unforeseen result of all this jealous fury has been to endow humanity, and more particularly women, with the delicate sentiment of modesty, unknown to the animal world and to primitive man."

Among men, as among animals, the development of the marriage relation is by no means always in harmony with the degree of the development in general. Very primitive societies sometimes practise monogamy, and very brutal customs are sometimes found among races much more advanced in other respects. Among animals, the carnivora usually live in couples, but that is not the case with the South African lion. Bears, weasels, and whales, on the other hand, are monogamous. Sometimes nearly allied species have different conjugal customs: the white-checked peccary lives in troops, while the white-ringed peccary lives in couples. Among monkeys some are monogamous and some are polygamous: the *Macacus silenus* of India has only one female, and is faithful to her unto death. Birds furnish the most remarkable instance, among animals, of devotion to a single mate; they are superior in this respect to all other classes of animals.

The idea of treating wives, whether one or many, with the most shocking brutality is peculiar to the human being of the male order; it is unknown among animals. The words humanity and brutality ought, in fact, to interchange their meanings, as far as conduct towards women is concerned:

"It would be difficult to imagine a more cruel servitude than that of the Australian woman, always beaten, often wounded, sometimes killed and eaten according to the convenience of her owner. The Fijians . . . amused themselves with beating their mothers and with binding their wives to trees in order to whip them. A Fijian named Loti, simply to make himself notorious, devoured his wife after having cooked her on a fire that he had forced her to light herself. No kind of ferocious cruelty was condemned by the morality of the country."

And other savage races use all their skill in inventing other nameless forms of torture for women. There have been only two exceptions of any importance to this general rule of barbarity towards women. Among the ancient Egyptians and among several of the Berber tribes a different state of things has prevailed. Diodorus affirms that in the Egyptian family it is the man who is subjected to the woman, that "the Queen receives more power and respect than the King, that among private individuals the woman rules over the man, and that it is stipulated between married couples, by the terms of the dowry contract, that the man shall obey the woman." This assertion of Diodorus is confirmed by the demotic deeds—at least for families which were in the possession of property. The laws regarding inheritance were such that women were often richer than men, and could dictate how the marriage contract should be drawn up. Married women held their property separate from their husbands, and could make contracts without their authorization. The husband was careful to stipulate, as a precaution, that the woman should take care of him during his life, and pay the expenses of his burial and tomb. This state of things lasted until the time of Philopator, who, in the fourth year of his reign, reduced women to their customary state of subjection by a royal decree to the effect that henceforth all transfers of property made by the wife should be authorized by the husband. This remarkable legal independence of women in Egypt, which had, of course, its natural effect upon social relations, may perhaps be referred to the influence of the Berber races, which, according to Egyptian traditions, played an important part in the foundation of ancient Egypt.

A certain emancipation of women seems to be a characteristic trait of Berber societies. At the present time, among the Touaregs of the Sahara, who have preserved their independence and the purity of their race better than the Kabyles, the rich women enjoy a social position analogous to that of the ladies of ancient Egypt. In spite of the Mussulman law, the Targui woman practically imposes

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monogamy upon the man; she would immediately seek a divorce if her husband attempted to give her a rival. "Absolute mistress of her fortune, her actions, and her children, who belong to her and bear her name, the Targui lady goes where she will and exercises a real authority." They know how to read and write in greater numbers than the men, and it is to them, says Duveyrier ('Touareg du Nord'), that is due the preservation of the ancient Lybian and ancient Berber writing. Leaving domestic work to their slaves, the Targui ladies occupy themselves with reading, writing, music, and embroidery; they live like intelligent aristocrats. Many of their customs indicate delicate instincts which are absolutely foreign to the Arabs and to the Kabyles. They strongly remind us of the times of the Southern troubadours and of the *cours d'amour*. But with the Touaregs, as with the Provençals and the Acquitainers of the twelfth century, who may well have had Berber ancestors, these diversions and gallantries were for the higher classes, and did not prevent the slavery of women among the poor. "It is important also to remark that the independence of the Berber lady rests on the magic power of money. 'By means of accumulation,' says Duveyrier, 'the greatest part of the fortune is in the hands of the women.'"

Among the Kabyle women there remains no trace of the maternal family and very little of the advantages which it generally confers on wives and mothers. One custom, however, recalls the proverbial liberality of the Berbers in conjugal matters: the married woman is allowed the "right of rebellion." If she has just complaints to make, she begins by telling one of her relatives, who fetches her back to her father openly, the husband not being permitted to oppose. After four years of separation, the union is dissolved. But this is the only remnant of the freedom which the Kabyle women once enjoyed. And "we are acquainted with the date at which the last seal was placed on their subjection. It was only a hundred and twenty years ago that the men refused henceforth a legal position to women in the succession of males. At present the Kabyle woman, whether married or not, no longer inherits."

The freedom which the possession of property conferred upon women in later Greek and Roman times is better known. Anaxandrides makes an unfortunate husband bewail himself thus: "If, being poor, you marry a rich woman, you give yourself a mistress and not a wife; you reduce yourself to be at the same time a slave and fool." But this independence of women was not of long duration. The subjugation of the world by Christianity, as Sir Henry Maine has clearly shown, meant the resubjugation of women by their husbands. The early Church having formulated the opinion that the sexual relation is contemptible and vile, by an easy error of logic came to the conclusion that women are contemptible and vile as well.

The moral of all this would seem to be, for those who are not satisfied with the present position of woman, superior as it is to that which she has held at any other time or place (since her freedom is not now associated with looseness of manners), that an important means towards the desired result would be to obviate their still too frequent relative poverty. It is perfectly plain that nothing is more hazardous to the happiness and to the permanence of marriage, or more destructive to the feeling of equality that ought to pervade the married state, than for young girls to feel, in even a slight degree, that they are expected to marry as the only natural mode of providing for themselves. Rich fathers ought to regard it as a duty to give their daughters a feeling of perfect independence, and poor fathers ought to put their daughters in the way of supporting themselves by their own exertions. As a means to this last result, the friends of women will do well to concern themselves with opening the more lucrative professions to them, and with seeing to it that they obtain equal wages with men for equal work.

There is another moral. Every lawyer knows that while legal enactments are now very thoroughly reformed as regards the property-rights of women, women constantly themselves render them of no avail by giving their property entirely into the hands of their husbands upon marriage, through ignorance or inadvertence or politeness. This is very wrong conduct on their part. It is absolutely essential to the preservation of the dignity and the independence of women (the history of marriage in all ages shows it, if it could not have been deduced from theoretical considerations), that they should be on a par with men as regards property and education — the two things that have, in modern times, supplanted physical force as elements of power. Hence it is the duty of a woman, no matter how much confidence she may feel in the honor and integrity of the coming husband, to preserve her property-rights intact, as a not inessential element of a wider than personal morality.

CASATI IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Ten Years in Equatoria and the Return with Emin Pasha. By Major Gaetano Casati. Translated from the original Italian manuscript by the Hon. Mrs. J. Randolph Clay, assisted by Mr. I. Walter Savage Landor. With upwards of 150 illustrations, colored plates, and four maps. 2 vols. F. Warne & Co. 1891. 8vo.

MAJOR CASATI owes his present distinction as an African traveller solely to his chance connection with Emin Pasha. He evidently possessed some excellent qualifications for a successful explorer—courage, tact, kindliness of disposition, and a ready faculty for adapting himself to native life, as well as some scientific training. But a natural indolence, increased by the enervating influence of a torrid climate, and to some extent a lack of means, apparently prevented him from accomplishing anything of importance. His travels being confined to regions already visited by other explorers, he adds little to our knowledge of Africa beyond names of streams, a few vocabularies, and accounts of trivial native wars. The descriptions of the customs of the natives even, which his ten years' life among them gave him abundant opportunities of observing carefully, are unfortunately not entirely trustworthy, since they were mostly written from memory, the greater part of his notes and papers having been destroyed. This fact necessarily detracts very much from the value and interest of his book, which is largely a confused and rambling mass of reminiscences, clumsily put together without proper regard for order or connection.

He went to Africa in 1880, at the invitation of his countryman, Gessi Pasha, to explore the Welle. This is an important stream which, rising in the mountains to the northwest of the Albert Nyanza, flows westerly through the Niam-Niam country—no one in 1880 knew whither; its discoverer, Dr. Schweinfurth, maintaining that it was a tributary of Lake Tchad, while others, including Mr. Stanley, held the theory, since proved to be true, that it was a branch of the Congo. Before proceeding to the river he passed a few weeks with Gessi, of whom he gives an interesting but too brief sketch. This unfortunate officer, probably the ablest of Gordon's lieutenants, had just put down the slave-hunters' revolt under Suleiman, son of the notorious Zebehr Pasha, and was about to return to Egypt. On his voyage down the Bahr-el-Ghazal he was caught in a succession of vegetable dams, the "sudd," and lost some five hundred of his companions, soldiers and prisoners, by starvation. The horrors of this three-months' imprisonment, from the effects of which he himself never recovered, dying before he reached Cairo, are but faintly indicated in the extracts which are given from his diary. Nearly four years were spent by Casati in wandering about that part of the Welle basin known to the readers of the 'Heart of Africa' as King Munza's dominions. But an attempt to solve the mystery of the river's course, by following it to its outlet, failed, and the outbreak of the Mahdist rebellion forced him at length to take refuge in the Equatorial Province.

It is an independent testimony to the accuracy of Stanley's and Jephson's portraiture of Emin Pasha that Casati's differs from theirs in no essential particular. In these pages he is the same upright, kindly man, devoted to science, warm-hearted but moody and irritable, clinging to the semblance of power though indifferent to its substance, self-confident but easily deceived, irresolute and vacillating in purpose, disinclined to accept advice, and blindly obstinate in adhering to his own judgment in preference to that of the men about him. The Italian traveller, however, does present the Pasha in a new and unexpected light in attributing to him a resolve which, if true, goes far towards explaining the strange reluctance of his soldiers to accompany him to Egypt. "On May 27, in the midst of general discouragement, Emin, anxious to find an anchor of safety and to save his prestige from total ruin, had uttered these imprudent words: 'We white men shall escape—I answer for it. We will give our black soldiers to my good friend Kabba-Rega, the King of Unyoro, and he will permit us to cross his boundaries.'" This came to the soldiers' ears, and it was impossible afterwards, according to Casati, to disabuse them of the conviction that they were to be sold as slaves when they left the province. His account of the events of the next succeeding years is confused and fragmentary, he himself remaining inactive until May, 1886, when he went to Unyoro to serve as Emin's representative with the King. His mission was to keep open communications with Uganda, and to obtain permission for the passage of the Egyptian garrison through the country on its way to the coast. In neither of these designs was he successful, and, after seventeen months of fruitless negotiations and patient waiting, he was driven out of the kingdom. The story of his adventures in Unyoro, his imprisonment, his imminent peril and fortunate escape, is told in a dull and lifeless way, but the description of the noted Kabba-Rega, his manner of life and the organization of his warriors, is interesting.

Casati gives no explanation of the mysterious and fatal delay of Emin in searching for the Relief Expedition, merely mentioning that he himself informed Emin of Stanley's arrival on January 16, and that it was February 25

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when the steamer started for the place indicated, less than fifty miles from the station on the lake where Emin then was. Nor does he add anything of interest or importance to Mr. Jephson's account of the revolt of the Egyptians, the deposition and detention of the Pasha, and the invasion of the Mahdists. In all these stirring scenes he takes no active part, but poses as the faithful friend and sagacious counsellor whose advice, if it had been followed, would have warded off all disasters. He does, however, express very well the feelings with which Emin and his followers regarded Stanley's impoverished advance column. They "looked with wonder, eyes wide open, and dubious hearts, at this remnant of the Expedition, of which the Governor had sung so many praises, and which he had taught them to consider a fount of comfort. Of what value were thirty cases of Remington cartridges? They had not in the least changed the situation of the Equatorial Province." It is also unnecessary to dwell upon Casati's account of the march to the sea, in which he indulges in a good deal of rather querulous, though at times probably proper, criticism of Stanley's arbitrary ways. His characterization of this noted leader, however, is just as well as generous:

"Stanley is a man remarkable for strength of character, resolution, promptness of thought, and iron will. Jealous of his own authority, he does not tolerate exterior influences, nor ask advice. Difficulties do not deter him, disasters do not dismay him. With an extraordinary readiness of mind he improvises means and draws himself out of a difficulty; absolute and severe in the execution of his duty, he is not always prudent or free from hasty and erroneous judgments. Irresolution and hesitation irritate him disturbing his accustomed gravity; his countenance being usually serious. Reserved, laconic, and not very sociable, he does not awaken sympathy; but on closer acquaintance he is found very agreeable, from the frankness of his manner, his brilliant conversation, and his gentlemanly courtesy."

The brightest parts of Major Casati's book are the conversations, which are given with much vivacity. There are also many interesting references to native life and customs. The following, which he observed at the zeriba of a successor of Munza, resembles a custom which, according to Shakspere, once prevailed at the court of Denmark:

"It is with great pomp that the king commences smoking. The long pipe, which is always used new, is carefully prepared and lighted by a special officer. Bowing low, this functionary advances towards his sovereign, and, bending his right knee to the ground, presents the pipe to the king. Trumpets are sounded and drums beaten. The bystanders fill the air with *Azanga amombe! Azanga amombe!* while a cloud of smoke issues from the royal mouth and surrounds the august visage with an aureole."

Among the papers of our author which were destroyed was a collection of fables gathered from the different tribes with whom he lived. A few are given from memory, some of which show great similarity to those of other races. We cite the most interesting from the comparative point of view:

"A chameleon once challenged an elephant to a race. The latter accepted, and it was arranged for the next morning. During the night the chameleon placed some of its brothers at short distances along the road upon which the race was to take place. Next day at dawn, the elephant came up and commenced running, the chameleon quickly mounting upon his tail. At every meeting with a chameleon the elephant asked, 'Are you not tired yet?' 'No,' answered the animal which had been placed on the allotted track. At last the elephant stopped, tired and breathless, and declared himself conquered."

Our author has been unfortunate in his translators. Too many passages have been rendered into faulty English, and there is an evident unfamiliarity with the geography and literature of Central Africa. The work is attractively got up, and is profusely illustrated with portraits, reproductions of photographs of natives, and original sketches, often very sensational, of incidents in the author's narrative. No hint is given as to the source of the pictures of the natives, but that of King Azanga is a copy of Munza's portrait in the 'Heart of Africa.' The purely scientific part of Maj. Casati's work is represented in these volumes by some meteorological observations and some lists of words in seven different native languages or dialects.

Life of Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, late retired General, U. S. A. By W. Fletcher Johnson. Carefully reviewed, chapter by chapter, by Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. 12mo, pp. 607.

It was inevitable that the death of Gen. Sherman should seem a proper occasion to manufacturers of books to bring out new biographies of him. "Demand," in trade, means not only the public wish for a particular thing, but a general interest in a subject which may make anything "go off" which promises to gratify that interest. But Sherman's autobiography is so much more fascinating and so much more authentic than anything another person could write about him, that the would-be biographer finds decidedly hard lines. Not till Sherman's papers and correspondence shall be published and the official war records completed, will there be new material enough to make it really worth while to write a new Life.

The present effort in that direction is as palpable a case of a book made with scissors and paste as has ever been seen. Large extracts from the war correspondence of newspapers supply the thrilling battle descriptions, without correction of the blunders of fact and even the blunders in names which filled those vivid but notoriously inaccurate sketches. They were spicy condiments for the breakfast-table in 1862, but to reproduce them bodily to-day as history is comical. The authentic facts are necessarily copied or paraphrased from Sherman's own Memoirs, or reprinted from Gen. Howard's papers on the Atlanta campaign, already published. Every feature of the book shows haste. It has no index. Of the portraits there are two of Gen. Schofield, one of which (and the better likeness of him) is made to do duty for Gen. Butterfield. Typographical errors abound. In making up the forms, the matter of pages 440 and 441 has been bodily interchanged.

Gen. Howard furnishes a brief introduction, in which he really disclaims responsibility, saying, "The part undertaken by me, and to which I have strictly confined myself, has been to review the work, some of it already in proof type, and the remainder in manuscript, going over each chapter with considerable care, and suggesting such changes as I thought the truth of history demanded." He adds that the quotations (which are a very large part of the book) are, of course, not to be assumed as vouched for in fact or in opinion.

Switzerland. By Lina Hug and Richard Stead. [Story of the Nations Series.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890. 8vo, pp. 430.

Switzerland has had a long and eventful history, and to condense its chronicles into a single volume in an interesting manner is not an easy task. Yet the authors of this book have succeeded well. The earlier part of the narrative is naturally more interesting than the later, for it contains the drama of the struggle for independence which, though familiar to the reader of history, has perennial attractions to the lover of freedom. But when this is over, Swiss politics declines gradually to a dead level of pettiness which continues almost unabated till the close of the eighteenth century. Brilliant events and startling situations are not essential to history, for institutions and civilization may be in quiet working out their problems in a manner quite as absorbing; but it would seem as if the history of the ten decades before 1798 gave the lie direct to that already doubtful proverb, "Happy is the people whose annals are uninteresting," for it was a period neither of political happiness nor of institutional growth. It would be difficult to make the story of it attractive. With the present century, however, begins a new era. The germs of modern constitutional liberty begin to expand, and, although kept back under the pressure of ancient prejudice and privilege, the advancement is certain. The contest for free speech and personal liberty; the gradual expansion of the State constitutions until they became too full of popular rights to be contained in the antiquated Confederation; the bursting of the chrysalis in the war of secession, and the founding of a strong Federal Government almost within this generation—all these are facts of interest to the general reader, as well as to the special student of institutions, and link the first century of the republic with its latest.

Six hundred years have passed since the Confederation first asserted its right to live. On the 21st of August, 1891, the anniversary of the signing of the first "Perpetual League" will be celebrated by the nation in Canton Schwyz, where the original compact took place, and where the original document is still preserved. Six centuries are a long time, but not long enough to wipe out many old Germanic traits which still exist in Swiss institutions. The political instincts of the nation are distinctly traceable even back to the time when the Alemannic hordes first settled in the country, and the history of the Confederation leads one into many interesting paths of study. No other country except England furnishes so much that is of interest to American history, and in no country, without exception, can American constitutional problems be seen so well in process of solution. The book before us will at least prepare one for more particular study of Switzerland's laws and institutions.

Gray Days and Gold. By William Winter. Macmillan. 1891.

Mr. Winter's graceful and meditative style in his English sketches has recommended his earlier volume upon (Shakspere's) England to many readers who will not need urging to make the acquaintance of this companion book, in which the traveller, in the unmistakable habit of a gray pilgrim, guides us through the quiet and romantic scenery of the mother-country with a mingled affection and sentiment of which we have had no example since Irving's day. The cheerfulness of his narrative is overcast by the fact that he is so often in a churchyard mood. Indeed, the book might fairly be described as an itinerary of the graves of the poets who do not rest in Westminster. It is naturally impossible for such a Shaksperian lover and devotee of

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Stratford-on-Avon not to make the well-known church and its neighborhood the centre of his interest, and we have in consequence several added bits of description of Warwickshire and its memories; but there are besides sketches of the last resting-places of Moore, and Byron, and Gray, and many others whose title to remembrance is more humble. The short reports of the pilgrim's talks with sextons and graybeards are admirable in their simple truth, and give life to the mortuary atmosphere. From one of these elders we learn why Moore was well regarded by his rustic neighbors: "Yes, his name is widely remembered and honored here, but I think that many of the poor people hereabout, the farmers, admired him because they thought that he wrote 'Moore's Almanac.' They often used to say to him: 'Mister Moore, please tell us what the weather's going to be?'" The dealer in pictures at Nottingham explained why he did not have more photographs of Byron localities by saying: "Much more ought to be done here as to Lord Byron's memory, that is the truth; but the fact is, the first families of the county don't approve of him."

With a little of such anecdote and much romantic description of the regretful sort, Mr. Winter takes the reader through many of the memorable places in the literary past of England, into some cathedral towns, and over the country of Sir Walter, and he always praises the poet with warmth as he stands by his dust, and all that should not have been he buries in the oblivion of the grave with undiscriminating charity. It is altogether the pleasantest of books of the grave, and it concludes with a little peal of *in memoriam* poems quite in accord with the sentiment of his "gray days and gold."

Silva of North America. By Charles Sprague Sargent. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

THIS second volume of Prof. Sargent's 'Silva' has been promptly issued and contains forty-seven plates, illustrating thirty-one species of trees belonging to the four natural orders *Cyrillaceæ*, *Celastraceæ*, *Rhamnaceæ*, and *Sapindaceæ*. The general interest of the work is well kept up, and Mr. Faxon's drawings here reproduced are not less accurate and elegant than his illustrations in the first volume. *Cyrillaceæ* is a small order, containing not over half-a-dozen species of shrubs or little trees, all natives of America. The two trees (*Cyrilla racemiflora* and *Cliftonia monophylla*) which are given a place in the 'Silva' are found from Carolina to the Gulf Coast, and one of them grows also in the West Indies and South America. They are both called iron-wood, and both have small entire leaves and slender racemes of little white flowers, which are very showy when seen in contrast with the dark-green foliage. The wood is heavy and hard, but seems to have no use except as fuel. The next order is well known through the climbing bittersweet or waxwork, a common shrubby climber of our Northern thickets, whose orange-colored berry-like pods and scarlet-cushioned seeds are very ornamental in autumnal days. This plant, not being a tree, has of course no place in the 'Silva,' but its cousin, the burning-bush (*Euonymus atropurpureus*), sometimes reaches arboreal dignity, and so is counted as a tree. Next come two little-known trees of Florida, of this same order; the wood of one of them has been used as a substitute for boxwood. *Rhamnaceæ* is represented by nine trees, all Southern or Western.

One may be pardoned for wishing that a botanist who is so painstaking and critical about his Latin names for trees, would have taken the trouble to coin also good English names for them. Turning to his excellent account of *Rhamnus Purshiana*, we find offered as vernacular appellations "bear-berry" and "coffee-tree." The first of these names belongs by the law of priority to the *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*, a low, trailing evergreen plant of Northern mountains, and the other name is primarily appropriated by the Arabian gift to civilization, and secondarily by a Kentucky tree (*Gymnocladus*) the seeds of which have been sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Why not call this *Rhamnus* "Pursh's buckthorn," and in like manner name the other trees of our silva, instead of repeating such names as "iron-wood," "yellow-wood," "bear-berry," etc., in half-a-dozen different genera and orders? It is important to settle the scientific names of plants; it is also important, and to a far wider circle of readers, to settle the common names, and if, in the case of some plant, as one botanist has pleaded, "common people have never named it," then let some competent botanist give the plant a common name; just as some years ago Prof. Robinson so happily gave to the *Aspidium acrostichoides* the name of "Christmas-fern."

In the order *Sapindaceæ*, seventeen trees are described, and some of these are of great interest to unscientific readers, for this order includes the buckeyes and the maples—three buckeyes and nine maples. The Ohio or fetid buckeye (*Æsculus glabra*) differs from all our other native species of this genus in having roughened pods, which are even prickly when young. The sweet buckeye, so long known as *Æsculus flava*, is here called *Æsculus octandra*, the oldest name; though the writer admits that "the stamens are usually seven in number." It would have pleased many students if the red buckeye could also have been described, but probably the statement of Elliot, that it "sometimes becomes a small tree near the mountains," is not corroborated by recent observers. The Californian species, here called simply "buckeye," has much more showy flowers than the other American trees of this genus, but is far less common in cultivation. The horse-chestnut, though best known of all, is, of course, omitted, as it is not a native of this continent.

The maples are better distinguished by their common names than by the scientific designations which Prof. Sargent has seen fit to select; for the sugar-maple is no longer *Acer saccharinum*, but is *A. barbatum*, and the name *saccharinum* is transferred to the silver-maple, hitherto generally called *A. dasycarpum*. The reasons for this change are not given in this book, but may be found in the pages of *Garden and Forest*. Whatever they may be, the change is most unwelcome, and can please no one outside of a small company of name-changers with whom "priority" overrules all other considerations. It is more than a pity to see so splendid a work as this 'Silva' marred by such disfiguring nomenclature.

Achievements in Engineering during the Last Half Century. By L. F. Vernon-Harcourt. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

THE title of this book is ambitious; its character popular rather than technical. It gives a brief readable account of a number of the principal engineering works of the last fifty years, the subjects considered being arbitrarily selected and relating for the most part to railroad construction or river and harbor improvements; the developments of steam and electric engineering are not considered. It is in no sense a technical work; it is simply a compilation of descriptive matter, all of which is superficial and much of which is inaccurate. Its popular character makes the inaccuracies less important than like inaccuracies have been in previous works by the same author, but it is a pity that any work emanating from an engineer should be so poorly prepared.

A few references will be at least amusing to people familiar with railroad matters. On pages 38 and 39 we read that "they [Swiss railroads] had to be so laid out as to be always open except in quite exceptionally severe weather," and that, "in America, the blocking of trains by snow in winter is a more common event." The American railroad manager may be glad to know that the stoppages due to snow are more common than "quite exceptionally severe weather." The description of American railroads is extremely loose. In one place we read that the Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads escape the crossing of the second ridge near the Pacific Ocean, and so avoid steep gradients on the western slope, and immediately thereafter that the tunnels on all these Western lines nowhere attain a mile in length. The western range, passing by different names, extends from Lower California into Alaska, the only low passage being that of the Columbia River, along which the Union Pacific line is laid, the construction of which was quite as difficult as that of the mountain lines. The longest maximum grade on the Southern Pacific Railroad is in descending from this range at the Tehachapi Pass, while the same range is crossed by the Northern Pacific Railroad at the Stampede Pass with a tunnel 9,800 feet long, this tunnel, as well as the San Fernando tunnel on the Southern Pacific, being considerably more than a mile in length.

On page 117 we read that two bridges were built across the Ohio River at Louisville in 1870, with spans of 368 feet and 396 feet respectively, both being of the Fink truss system, "with no continuous bottom flange." There are two spans of these lengths in the same bridge at Louisville, but both of these spans, though built by Mr. Fink, are of a pattern entirely unlike the Fink truss, and have bottom chords throughout. On page 128 we are told that the term cantilever is given to continuous girder bridges by American writers, and the Kentucky River bridge is mentioned in support of this statement, while the term cantilever is said to be "only suitable strictly to structures which increase in depth over the piers." The peculiar definition is an invention of the author. The Kentucky River bridge is a cantilever bridge and is not a continuous girder; cantilever arms project from each end of the central span, these projecting arms supporting the ends of independent spans which reach to the two abutments.

Other mistakes could be quoted; one will suffice. On page 268, we read that the Chignecto Ship Railway will carry vessels on two lines of rails eighteen feet apart; whereas this road will have four lines of rails and really consist of two standard-gauge railroads tied together by occasional long ties connecting the four rails.

Engineering is supposed to be an exact science; even in the attempts to popularize it it should be remembered that exactness and accuracy are the same thing. Books like this had better not be published.

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Boston. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Longmans, Green & Co. 1891. 12mo, pp. 242.

It is difficult to imagine what section of the reading public is to be pleased by this book. The list of published volumes in the series of "Historic Towns" embraces London, Exeter, Bristol, Oxford, Colchester, the Cinque Ports, Carlisle, and Winchester, abroad; New York and Boston here. It must be that these American histories are intended for a British public to whom any information about American affairs will be welcome, whether germane to the title or not. This inference is unavoidable since Mr. Lodge has not written a history of Boston, but has thrown together a hasty sketch of the history of Massachusetts for the last 250 years.

A town history is naturally a history of a town: it may deal with natural history or not; it may embrace genealogies or not; but it must contain a record of the acts of the inhabitants both in their collective meetings and in their authorized official work. It must treat of the laying out of lots and roads, of churches and school-houses, of manufactures and business enterprises, of war records and local affairs, or it is not a town history. Judged by this evident and well-known standard, Mr. Lodge's book is not a history of Boston, and is not even an attempt at one. His book might stand with scarcely a word of change for a history of Salem or Worcester, had either town been the seat of the colonial government. A few extracts from Sewall's Diary, a page or two of Bennett's travels, and a chapter on modern Boston politics are all the local touches. Once, indeed, on p. 211, he states that "the literary genius of Massachusetts produced Jonathan Edwards's remarkable essay on the 'Freedom of the Will,' Franklin's 'Poor Richard,' and the rhymes of 'Mother Goose,' usually attributed to Thomas Fleet of Boston." This is his solitary tribute to Boston literature, and it is a fair specimen of his treatment of the history of Boston. Edwards, of course, had nothing to do with Boston. 'Poor Richard' was printed in Philadelphia, the only place entitled to claim Franklin as a citizen and worker; and as to the claim that Thomas Fleet *wrote* the rhymes of 'Mother Goose,' it appears for the first time in Mr. Lodge's pages. It is an extreme case of literary carelessness, for even the inventor of the idle fable that Fleet printed an edition of the rhymes, never imagined that he wrote them.

But we do not care to review this book in the light of a contribution to the histories of Massachusetts. It is, at best, such a sketch as a student might dash off from general recollections of a familiar subject, and consign to a foreign market where competition was limited. Boston has indeed been unfortunate in its historians. The subject is too vast and probably too unremunerative to attract the necessary labor. The preliminary sketch by Thomas Pemberton, printed in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections (1st series, vol. iii, p. 241–304), in 1794, and Shaw's History (Boston, 1817), were mere outlines. Then came Dr. Caleb Snow's History, printed in 1825, 424 pages, which was a wonderful piece of work for the times, and which is still the nearest approach to a proper history. Samuel G. Drake's ambitious attempt to enlarge and continue Snow's book is a fragment, of value only for some new materials. Like Mr. Lodge, he confounded the history of the town with that of the colony, and failed to do any satisfactory work. Dr. Shurtleff's book is a proof that even a single portion of the history of Boston requires great space, and Quincy's Municipal History is a mere chapter covering a few years. The pretentious and heterogeneous 'Memorial History' is a mere warehouse of materials, good, bad, and indifferent, saved from utter neglect chiefly by the quantity and admirable quality of its illustrations.

Thus it will be seen that the historian of Boston has yet to appear, probably has yet to be born. In the meantime, the necessary materials are being rapidly accumulated. The city of Boston has printed the records of the town-meetings and of the selectmen; its defective archives have been repaired by copies of church records; its wills and deeds are soon to be removed to new and convenient offices: and the files of Suffolk County have been arranged, bound, and indexed. In fact, for the history of Boston as a town from 1630 to 1822, the one thing lacking is an historian able to face the accumulation of facts and to reduce them to order and due proportion.

As to the history of the city, if a writer can be found devoid of political bias, the preparation of a good volume is not difficult. It is a task best suited to a stranger, because, as Mr. Lodge has pointed out, there are still at work feelings of class and race which involve nearly all of the native-born citizens. The history of Boston deserves to be written on a broad scale, and yet with sufficient minuteness in parts. Two portions, usually predominant in town-histories, can be safely omitted—the natural history, since the little peninsula has no striking features; and the genealogies, because the material is lost. Most of our early towns have the records of the inhabitants; Boston has hardly any for the entire eighteenth century. On the other hand, the political and social record is unusually large, interesting, and important. The church history is well preserved and will prove valuable, while the industrial record is very instructive.

In his concluding chapter Mr. Lodge touches on the question of the present inhabitants of foreign birth or parentage. He has not ventured to discuss the problems; and, as an active and aspiring politician, he is wise in maintaining silence. He ought, however, to have pointed out the fact, of which he cannot be ignorant, that if Boston is now so largely peopled by the Irish race, these children of alien parentage are a unit in devotion to the place of their own birth. The O's and the Mac's, whose tongues have learned in the public schools to drop the parental brogue, speak of "our city" and even of "our history" with as undoubting faith as if they had first drawn breath in Essex or Berkshire, or even in Vermont or New Hampshire. Another generation, a little abatement in religious zeal all around, and these Irish boys will be typical Yankees. They already despise "foreigners"; by 1950 they will be ready to prevent any further immigration. But this chapter is too recent to be written to-day, or apropos even of Mr. Lodge's diffuse essay.

A Manual of Public Health. By A. Wynter Blyth, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., etc. Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The sanitarian is like the hydrographer exploring a sea whose shoals he marks and whose submarine rocks he destroys, but in the midst of what was deep water at the last survey he now finds new volcanic peaks or freshly grown coral reefs. Cities, factories, applied chemistry, increased commerce by sea and land, all the conditions of the artificial life of dense populations, facilitate the destruction of disease-causes, but add a profusion of new ones. It is to the discussion of such problems that this book is devoted. The author of the work before us has English conditions and the English officer of health in his various capacities chiefly in mind, but what is desirable for English officials is acceptable, speaking generally, elsewhere. Sanitary science is as cosmopolitan as music; that of each country has its special characteristics, but the principles are common and universal.

The volume opens with an excellent essay upon vital statistics, containing a curious chapter upon artificial aids to calculation. That it is possible and convenient to extract the square root by machinery seems like a footfall of the Coming Race. Sanitation proper naturally begins with ventilation. By most persons the purity, or at least the innocuousness, of the breath of life is assumed as a matter of course, and the oppression that follows its contamination is referred to any but the true source. But the languor and headaches, the malaise and depression, that lead the ignorant to medicine, "domestic" and foreign, often depend upon self-poisoning whose antidote would be a broken window or an open fire-place. It is not from ignorance, but the author lays scarcely enough stress upon the nitrogenous waste from lungs and skin as the mischief-making element. The carbon dioxide indicates the danger, but is not, ordinarily, the real evil. It is the danger signal, not the dangerous thing. And the estimate (p. 64) that children require less than adults is misleading for working purposes, except as applied to the very young. As with the waste into the air, so with that into the ground and the water-courses. Ventilation and sewerage are complementary factors, the latter even more than the former noting the inroads, the special needs, and the progress of civilization. The rescue of the Thames from its degradation as a continuous cesspool is clearly illustrated by a map of London, showing the intercepting sewers that carry the sewage away from the higher levels. Sir Joseph Bazalgette, whose death has barely been announced, by those parallel lines not only saved the river, but broke up the excessive and almost ungovernable area into a group of manageable districts, making of an enormous unit a semi-independent federation. There are useful tables for calculating the flow of liquids, a fair recognition of the merits of the separate system, and a few pages upon sewage disposal. American sanitarians doubt that "the best material for soil-pipes is lead" (p. 286); it certainly is not when rats have access to it. And there is no mechanical difficulty in making perfect joints in heavy iron pipe. Careless plumbers may scamp their work, but poor work is no reason for abandoning good material. To carry the perpendicular soil-pipe outside of the house, while possible in the English climate, is not practicable in ours north of the Carolinas. Why may not much of the piping of the future be of glass, within movable wooden casing?

A couple of chapters on public nuisances, with the English laws in relation to them, are followed by a short section on disinfectants, discussing both their theoretical and practical aspects. As against the writer's definition of a disinfectant as "a chemical substance that by its poisonous action kills a disease-producing germ," we prefer that of the American Public Health Association, as "an agent capable of destroying the infecting power of infecting material." The section which appeals most visibly to the popular eye is that upon the "zymotic" diseases, which are now believed to be due to infecting micro-organisms. The general immunity from a second attack of eruptive fevers the writer explains by assum-

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ing that the white cells, one of whose provinces seems to be to destroy such invaders, acquire additional power of resistance by the conflict. That is not as satisfactory as to suppose that the disease-germs leave in the tissues excreta unfavorable to the life of their kind. But neither hypothesis has been demonstrated. It is to be regretted that stress is not laid upon the wonderful persistence of the scarlatinal poison, whereby infected clothing, books, and toys will develop disease months and even years after being charged. Probably no disease is more to be dreaded, and none is more persistent in the life of its cause, than this red plague. The contagious nature of tuberculous disease is distinctly recognized, and the period is anticipated when it will be classed with diseases dangerous to the general health; for, as the author justly remarks (p. 485), "it is a far more important malady to have notified than such purely infantile complaints as measles."

Space does not permit reference to all the subjects in this excellent book, but we regret that in its relation to public health the abuse, if not the use, of alcohol is omitted; that the influence of arsenic, no longer confined in clothing and furniture to green dyes, is overlooked; that burial and cremation are not compared; and we should have expected to find some serious discussion of the repealed "Contagious Diseases Acts."

There are a dozen plates and diagrams, more than fifty other illustrations, and a good index. Exact references to pages in the footnotes are omitted unpleasantly many times, and there is an occasional uncertainty in proper names, as Farr and Farre (pp. 508 9), and Goldenberg (p. 421) may stand for Sternberg. The book is on a different plan and scale from ordinary Hygienes, and is very good.

The Oyster: A Popular Summary of a Scientific Study. By W. K. Brooks, Ph.D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1891. 8vo, pp. x, 230. Ills.

THE condition of the oyster fisheries of Chesapeake Bay has been known to be precarious for fifteen years. The product has been, during that time, steadily decreasing in quantity and still more notably in quality. While other States, by confiding to private enterprise unoccupied bottom suitable for oyster culture, have put the business on a solid foundation, greatly enlarged the annual product, and given more or less lucrative employment to a constantly increasing number of their citizens, Maryland has seen her greatest source of wealth slowly but certainly subjected to a diminution which can only end, if her past policy be continued, in its complete destruction.

The population living on the shores adjacent to the fisheries has refused to permit any sort of private control of ground suitable for oyster culture; has defied all laws and regulations intended to protect the natural beds; has done everything in its power to obstruct scientific investigation of the condition of the beds; and, where individuals have reclaimed portions of the bottom, planted oysters, and seen, after years of waiting, the fruit of their labors almost ready for harvest, has robbed them of everything with absolute impunity. To most outsiders it would seem as if the best thing which could happen for the State of Maryland would be the complete exhaustion of the beds and the destruction of the business. This once accomplished, the ignorance and lawlessness now characteristic of the region could probably be overpowered by the public sentiment of the rest of the State, many of the marauders would be forced to emigrate to find a livelihood elsewhere, and a rational system might then be initiated. This, however, is a terribly high price to pay for what has been all along attainable by less radical methods.

In the hope of arousing a public sentiment which should take steps to remedy matters before it is too late, Prof. Brooks has prepared this little volume, which appears with a cordial introduction by President Gilman. It is admirably illustrated, and discusses the possibilities of oyster culture, the anatomy and development of the oyster, the artificial cultivation of oysters, the causes of the decline in the business, and the remedy. To be brief, the beds have been overfished, and the remedy is to authorize and protect private oyster culture. This is simple common sense, and has been the advice or, rather, the entreaty of everybody competent to judge for the last ten years. But people who will deliberately rob a neighbor of 300,000 bushels of oysters of his own raising after three years of labor bestowed upon them (see p. 203), are not likely to listen to common sense, or pay attention to anything short of a locust-wood club.

Much as it is to be wished, and fairly and sensibly as Prof. Brooks has written, it is almost certain that nothing will be done until the business has practically come to an end. Meanwhile North Carolina, Connecticut, Delaware, and even Georgia are making hay while the sun shines; even Virginia is moving in the right direction, and, when the catastrophe to Maryland comes, by a justice as rare as it is welcome, the chief offenders will be those to bear the well-merited loss.

Elizabeth of Roumania. By Blanche Roosevelt. London: Chapman & Hall.

"SAVE me from my friends!" must be the prayer of the Queen of Rumania if she be gifted with a tithe of the common sense and literary discrimination with which she is credited. If she be not, then Miss Roosevelt's skyrocket style is precisely adapted to the glorification of scribbling royalty. Each chapter of her laudation—it cannot be called criticism—goes up with a bang of ancestry, proceeds with a fizz of titles, and culminates in a shower of gushing (not fiery) adjectives, scattered with the utmost impartiality over Carmen Sylva's social position, personal charms, and literary efforts. One feels that Miss Roosevelt is very hard up when, despite her prefatory protestations that she is quite undazzled by the Queen's rank, the expression selected for special commendation for its characteristic originality is the hackneyed image contained in "The peasants bestrode their horses as if they were part of the animals themselves."

But skyrocket illumination is neither lasting nor satisfactory at the moment. Miss Roosevelt's "Study" informs us of nothing which previous biographers of the literary Queen have not told us, with the single exception of the all-important fact that the writer has met Her Majesty (sweet words), and has heard her read a play which may be presented some day in Vienna. Here, indeed, we lay our finger on the reason for the book's existence. On all other points Miss Roosevelt's information is derived from already existing accounts, which she copies so rashly that she makes "Frithiof" write "The Sagas of Tegner," instead of crediting Bishop Tegner with his famous 'Frithiof's Saga.' It would be interesting to know where, except on page 31 of this book, are to be found the "splendid gardens and promenades" attached to the palace of the Kremlin in Moscow.

Carmen Sylva is a fine woman, a talented woman, who has done some good work, as translations of two of her stories, "The Mother-In-Law" and "In Fetters," appended to this book, show. They also show, however, what Miss Roosevelt herself naïvely admits at one point, despite her desperate efforts to blink, and her asseverations that she has not moved an eyelash—that plain Elizabeth von Runkel would never have gathered sufficient laurel leaves to weave herself a wreath, had not a royal crown already rested on her head. Such strained overpraise as this volume contains is pretty sure to be counterbalanced by under-appreciation. The book contains two well-reproduced portraits of the Queen and a view of a room in her palace.

A Girl in the Karpathians. By M. M. Dowie. London: George Philip & Son. 1891.

FRESH, utterly unconventional, and wholly charming is Miss Dowie's account of her two months' ramble in Galicia. She makes no pretence to furnishing statistics of the country, although her map of the territorial dismemberment of Poland up to 1795 is highly instructive for people who are interested in that subject. What she does give is a very vivid picture of the country and of the people, with their picturesque costumes, graceful manners, quaint customs, and utter oblivion to morals in the Western sense of that word. She gives us a not too detailed journal of her summer experience, in which the reader soon discovers that Miss Dowie herself is by far the most interesting feature. She seems equally at home with the Ruthenians, the Poles, and the hybrid Huculs—less so with the Jews, whom she describes as enterprising, but dirty—and shares her cigarettes with all who will talk to her, as she absorbs their queer German and makes guesses at the other languages. Any one who inspects the dashing portrait of the writer, in her mountain suit of tweed coat and knickerbockers, flannel shirt and long leggings, will at once form an idea of the fascination of this canny young Scotchwoman. Her deeds are as dashing as her costume; and her style, replete with frankness about herself and others, is cast in the same mould. She is never at a loss for an adequate word or phrase. Her description of Polish may serve as an instance of her happy knack in putting things before one: "A Polish printed page is like nothing but a frogpond in spring—all tadpoles in various stages of development—some with, some without tails, and lots of queer, unknown, black, wiggly things that make one very nervous." Her mention of the postmaster who, having spoken nothing but Polish for forty years, determined to learn it, hired a teacher to give him a lesson every day—and abandoned the undertaking in despair at the end of six weeks—is equally good.

A book like this, however, one of whose great charms lies in its atmosphere, cannot be adequately represented by extracts, quotable as many of the phrases are. It must be read; and the reader will come to the conclusion that Miss Dowie may attempt other flights in literature with a more than usual certainty of immediate success.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón, P. A. de. Brunhilde, or the Last Act in Norma. A. Lovell & Co. $1.
Anstey, F. Tourmalin's Time Cheques. Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co.
Appletons' General Guide to the United States and Canada. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.
Appletons' Illustrated Handbook of American Summer Resorts. 16th year. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Besant, W. St. Katherine's by the Tower. Harper & Bros. 60 cents.

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